

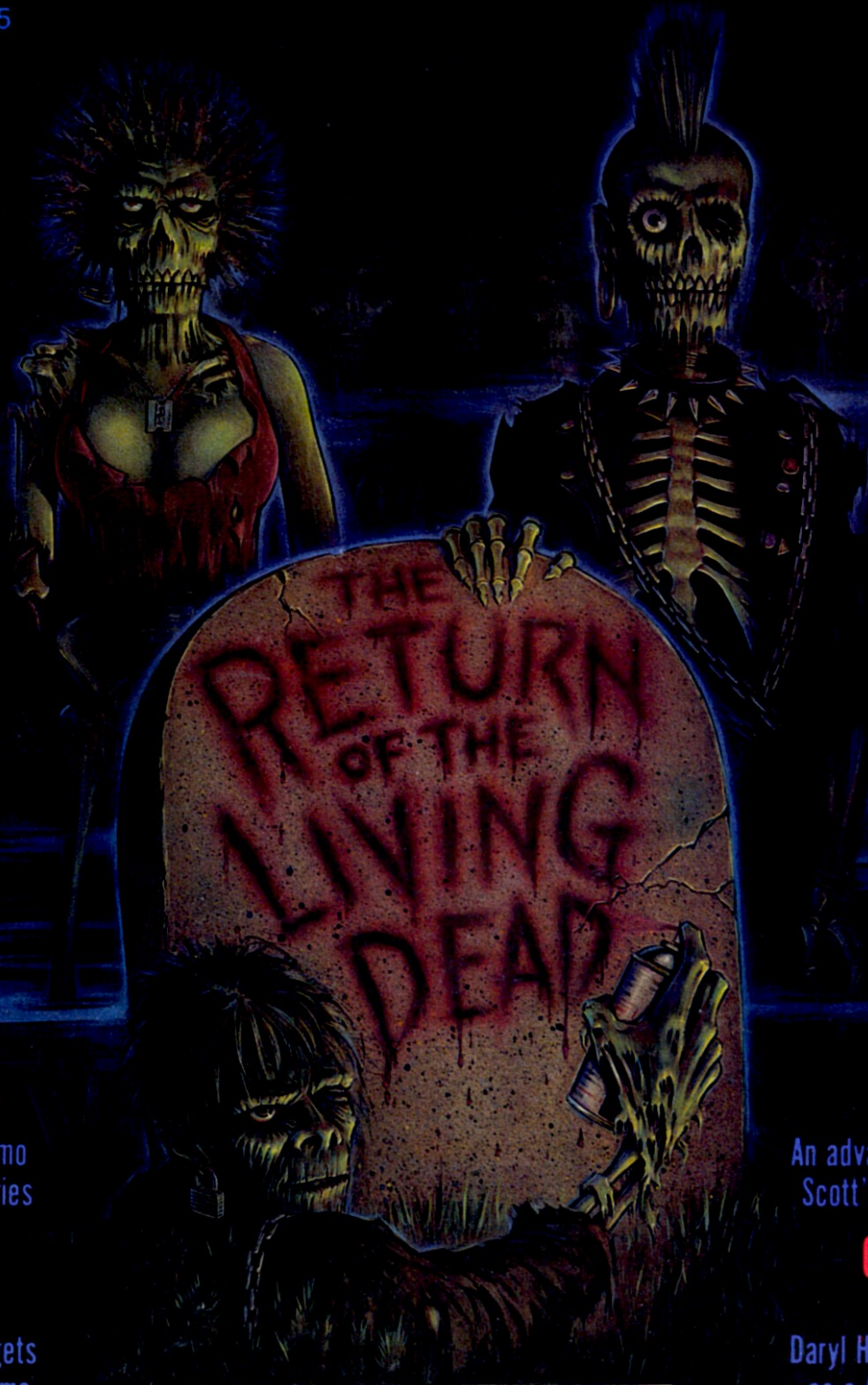
CINEFANTASTIQUE

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THE DESTROYER

Superhero assassin Remo Williams in new film series

SAGA TIME AT THE OL' BIJOU

The STAR WARS trilogy gets screened for the first time

THE TERMINATOR

Harlan Ellison Vs. James Cameron on infringement

THE STORY BEHIND
MAKING DAN O'BANNON'S
CAMP HORROR CLASSIC

LEGEND

An advance preview of Ridley Scott's new screen fantasy

CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR

Daryl Hannah makes a splash as a Cro-Magnon cave girl

FRIGHT NIGHT

Film director Tom Holland revitalizes vampire genre

COMING NEXT IN CINEFANTASTIQUE:

LEGEND

Director Ridley Scott, the visual stylist of *ALIEN* and *BLADERUNNER* talks about his latest fantasy film in the next exciting issue of *CINEFANTASTIQUE*. Scott spent almost four years and nearly \$25 million to make *LEGEND*, an exquisite fairy tale that captures the wondrousness of Disney animation in a live-action format. Scott provides a detailed history of his work on the project, from his abandonment of *DUNE* to take it on, to his ruthless trimming of the film prior to its release this Fall.

Also interviewed is the film's makeup designer, Rob Bottin, who created a host of weird and delightful fantasy characters for the production. Bottin created the makeup effects of *THE THING*, the most amazing ever filmed, and supervised a team of artists to alter the appearance of nearly every performer seen in *LEGEND*. Bottin talks about using *ROCKY HORROR* star Tim Curry in the role of "Darkness," an archetype of evil and a tour-de-force of Bottin's makeup genius.

You can't see *LEGEND* until November 7, but you can read all about it in our next spectacular issue!



Also in the same issue, author Stephen King and director Dan Attias talk about the filming of *SILVER BULLET*, King's chilling werewolf saga. And makeup expert Carlo Rambaldi reveals how he fabricated the most realistic werewolf designs ever for the film.

The issue also features an article on the making of *THE BLACK CAULDRON*, Disney's most ambitious animated feature since *SLEEPING BEAUTY*, which brings the worlds of *Sword & Sorcery* to life as only animation can.

Walt Disney's summer hit *MY SCIENCE PROJECT* is featured in a production article about the filming. Profiled is the film's director, Jonathan Betuel, and the work of effects supervisor John Scheele, including the makeup by Lance Anderson and a remarkable rod-puppet *Tyrannosaurus Rex* created by Doug Beswick.

Plus, an on-the-set report on filming the sequel to *NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET*. It's another issue jam-packed with the latest photos, news and information about the world of horror, fantasy, and science fiction films.

CINEFANTASTIQUE

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CONTENTS

VOLUME 15 NUMBER 4

The magazine with a "Sense of Wonder."

OCTOBER, 1985

Our Boxoffice Survey (see page 12) reports that the public's interest in this summer's crop of horror, fantasy and science fiction films is down from previous years. That's too bad, because this is the finest crop of summer genre films ever, exhibiting the depth, sophistication, intelligence and just plain slam bang fun that fantasy films are capable of. What wonderful diversity the genre encompasses, all the way from the heady, thought-provoking themes of John Boorman's EMERALD FOREST to the kinetic thrills of a simple shocker like FRIGHT NIGHT.

And the summer's second half promises to be as good or better. The strong opening for Steven Spielberg's BACK TO THE FUTURE has propelled it to the boxoffice heights common in previous seasons, suggesting the genre may finish strong in July and August. Disney's THE BLACK CAULDRON also opened well in July, another sign of an upturn, and a success richly deserved by this masterpiece of animation.

This issue is devoted to a quirky late-summer entry, Dan O'Bannon's RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, which looks like it could break through to the widest audience yet for the up-to-now cult oriented zombie genre monopolized by George Romero. O'Bannon, the scriptwriter of ALIEN and BLUE THUNDER, talks about making his directorial debut on the project, and infusing it with the elements that make it a hit—humor and punk rock.

Highlighted is the film's troubled production history and the elaborate makeup effects devised by William Munns, Kenny Myers, and Tony Gardner. Also spotlighted is Bill Stout's design work and a thumbnail history of zombie films.

Frederick S. Clarke



Page 16



Page 30



Page 14



Page 32



Page 40

16 RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD

ALIEN screenwriter turned director—Dan O'Bannon—treads on Romero territory with some new twists. Designer Bill Stout, makeup artists Bill Munns and Ken Myers, and O'Bannon himself tell how.

Article by Steve Biodrowski

9 LEGEND

Our London correspondent provides a preview of Ridley (ALIEN) Scott's latest feature, "the most exquisite fantasy ever made."

Preview by Alan Jones

4 TERMINATOR

Harlan Ellison proved as unstoppable as the movie's robot in demanding a screen acknowledgement be added to prints of this '84 hit.

Article by Max Rebeaux

30 CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR

QUEST FOR FIRE's Oscar-winning makeup artist Michelle Burke and associate Michael Westmore turn Daryl Hannah into a cave woman.

Article by Martin Perlman

14 REMO MAN

007 director—Guy Hamilton—brings the adventures of spy/assassin Remo Williams to the silver screen this October.

Article by Dan Scapperotti

10 RE-ANIMATOR

Novice director, Stuart Gordon, offers added dimension to the popular zombie genre with a little help from H. P. Lovecraft.

Preview by Dan Gire

13 THE TWILIGHT ZONE

No longer "beyond sight and sound"—CBS-TV fondly re-introduces America's favorite fantasy anthology among its new fall line-up.

Preview by Max Rebeaux

7 FRIGHT NIGHT

Tom Holland, writer of PSYCHO II, makes his directorial debut with a scary modern-day tale about the vampire of olde.

Article by Charlotte Wolter

35 CAT'S EYE

Director Lewis Teague and effects expert Carlo Rambaldi on filming Stephen King's "pet" project.

Article by Tim Hewitt

32 SAGA TIME AT THE OL' BIJOU

Lucasfilm offers some old favorites in the guise of A NEW HOPE, as the STAR WARS trilogy gets its first collective screening.

Review by Allen Malmquist

40 BABY

Director B.W.L. Morton talks about overcoming the elements to build realistic dinosaurs in Africa's Ivory Coast.

Article by Mike Mayo

6 COMING

44 FILM RATINGS

46 REVIEWS

62 LETTERS

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Harlan Ellison vs.

THE TERMINATOR:

In a confrontation over copyright infringement

by Max Rebeaux

FADE IN:

1 THE WORLD (STOCK)
2 STYLIZED BATTLEFIELD—
ESTABLISHING—LONG HIGH
SHOT—NIGHT

A nightmare landscape seen in *chiaroscuro*—shadows and light. Illuminated from moment to moment by a spiderwork tracery of light-beams across the black sky. Nothing moves on this battlefield, though the sounds of warfare—the sizzling of the beams, the distant crackle of explosions—comes through dimly. CAMERA comes down toward a dark figure hunched over in a shallow foxhole . . .

If you've seen THE TERMINATOR, you might have guessed this was the opening scene for that 1984 sleeper, directed and co-written by James Cameron, starring Arnold Schwarzenegger as the ultimate time-traveling assassin. But it isn't.

The quote is from a teleplay written in 1964 for the OUTER LIMITS series by Harlan Ellison. Telecast as "Soldier," the segment was directed by Gerd Oswald and starred Lloyd Nolan and Michael Ansara; it first aired over the ABC television network on September 19, 1964. The episode has been in perpetual syndication ever since. There is evidence that, on at least one occasion, it was seen by a young science fiction fan named James Cameron.

The way things turned out, Cameron may wish he had gone to bed early that night.

Harlan Ellison first heard about THE TERMINATOR some months before the film's release last September. Ellison received a phone call from a film archivist and friend who had heard the details of the film's storyline and remarked, though he hadn't seen the film, that elements of the story seemed to bear some resemblance to Ellison's teleplay for "Soldier." As pre-release screenings for the film began, the number of advisory calls increased.

The most crucial call came from the editor of a popular fantasy film magazine. The editor had received from a Los Angeles correspondent, an interview with TERMINATOR's director James Cameron. Within days of receiving the interview, the editor was contacted by a secretary at Pacific-Western Productions, Cameron and co-producer/co-writer Gale Anne Hurd's jointly-owned production company. They had received a photocopy of the interview with Cameron and were calling the editor to request he delete a paragraph of material in which Cameron referred to OUTER LIMITS episodes which had "influenced" him.

The critical paragraph was this, according to the interviewer: "If I really think about the influences that helped shape the story, the entire feeling can be traced back to some '50's science-fiction films and OUTER LIMITS episodes. The thing that THE OUTER LIMITS had, that always impressed me visually, was its use of

the deep focus *film noir* look of '40s films and the German Expressionist movies of the '30s."

Cameron later told another reporter that the call had been placed only to inquire about the substance of the quote, and added that he hadn't meant exactly that, but had been misquoted. Rather than amend the quote, Cameron's office requested that it be deleted.

Since the interviewer had made a commitment to allow Cameron (or his representatives) final "approval" on the text of the interview, the editor was forced to comply with the request. But the editor felt the quote was so damaging, he called Ellison to volunteer his testimony should the writer choose to go to court over the matter.

By this time, early November, Ellison had seen the film, and had notified his agent and long-time friend, Marty Shapiro, and his lawyer, Henry W. Holmes, who had represented Ellison and former *Omni* editor Ben Bova in a 1980 lawsuit against ABC over the short-lived television series FUTURE COP. After four years of litigation, a jury found the show was largely plagiarized from Ellison and Bova's story "Brillo," and the writers were awarded the single largest settlement of its kind—\$342,000. The case earned for Holmes a reputation as a tough negotiator, and the nickname "Destroyer Lawyer." Ellison earned the tag "troublemaker" for making waves in an industry that prefers to euphemize "theft" with

words like "homage," "coincidence," and "fragmented literal similarity."

Ironically, when Ellison contacted Holmes, he discovered that Holmes was "of consul" to a law firm representing one of the potential litigants, Hemdale Film Corporation, producers of THE TERMINATOR. Holmes clearly had a conflict of interest. If there was to be a lawsuit, Holmes would not have been permitted involvement of any kind. However, both

Cameron and Arnold Schwarzenegger on Los Angeles locations for the film.



James Cameron



NO MR. NICE GUY

Ellison was as unstoppable as the film's robot.

Ellison and Hemdale agreed to have Holmes act as a negotiator.

After seeing the film and verifying the reports, Holmes arranged for a meeting between Hemdale's attorney, Hurd's attorney, Cameron's attorney, Steve Kroft from Fireman's Fund Insurance—the underwriters for *THE TERMINATOR*—himself, and Ellison. Absent were director Cameron and Hurd (who were married after making *THE TERMINATOR*). The high-powered group watched

tapes of *THE OUTER LIMITS* and were cited specific works of Ellison's which were echoed in the Cameron film.

Ellison, with the corroboration of his agent, maintained that not only visual elements but also certain concepts peculiar to his writings had found their way into Cameron's film. Cited was Ellison's machine vs. man story "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream," which is quoted below.

The Cold War started and became World War Three and just kept going. It became a big war, a very complex war, so they needed computers to handle it. They sank the first shafts and began building AM (Allied Mastercomputer)... and everything was fine until they had honeycombed the entire planet, adding this element and that element... In rage, in frenzy, the machine had killed the human race... with the innate loathing that all machines had always held for the weak, soft creatures who had built them, he had sought revenge.

Also cited was "Demon With a Glass Hand," a 1964 *OUTER LIMITS* episode about a time-traveling robot entrusted with the fate of the human race; and "City on the Edge of Forever," an episode of *STAR TREK* which has McCoy time travel back to 20th century Earth and features a scene remarkably like that in *THE TERMINATOR* in which Reese (Michael Biehn) first "appears" from the future, right down to the same dark, back alley with a di-

sheveled bum in the doorway.

Ellison's legal team recommended that the Hemdale parties offer a settlement, rather than go to court. A court battle would be a long one. The only successful plagiarism suits in the industry have been hard-won. And comparison of *THE TERMINATOR* script and the teleplays in question revealed no *unaltered* lifts of material. Much of the alleged "borrowing" rested on the visual similarity between the openings of the film and "Soldier."

"Soldier's" director Gerd Oswald recalled his reaction when he first saw *THE TERMINATOR*: "Right away, I felt it was extremely close," he said. "The overall impression was that it borrowed heavily from the episode I directed." Oswald added that he would willingly step forward to support Ellison's claim.

Had the dispute gone to court, the grounds would have been precedent-setting. Ellison's lawyers would have had to establish, beyond doubt, that although there was no direct theft of material, Cameron had knowingly raided various works of *one* writer for elements that were *unique* to that writer. If Ellison had won, the suit would have become case-book law for any similar action.

Cameron hotly contested the notion that he had "borrowed" anything. Hemdale representatives insisted Ellison had no case. Orion Pictures, the distributor, was unwillingly involved because they were contractually required

to establish the clear right to any material distributed to theatres. Hurd and Cameron's production company—Pacific Western Productions—was liable as well for involvement in a violation of copyright. Fireman's Fund Insurance would actually have had to shell out the bucks. Nobody would admit to anything. The afternoon ended in a draw.

After the meeting, negotiations began subtly transforming into the terse tones of litigants girding for a fight. Until Hemdale forced Henry W. Holmes to pick a side.

Holmes, who had been providing counsel for both parties was urged to cease advising Ellison due to conflicting interests. Holmes responded by informing those concerned that if he were put in the position of having to represent one or the other in a court of law, he would choose Ellison. Because, Holmes said, Ellison would win.

The Hemdale parties agreed to settle.

Holmes, Ellison, the attorneys and agents involved began the process of offer and counter-offer, draft after draft of agreements: the usual legal jockeying to arrive at mutually acceptable terms and compensation. And that should have been the end of it. But there began such a series of monumental "oversights" that it took 6 months to draft an agreement that both parties would sign—only to have it breached within the week.

Early in the dispute, it was made clear by Ellison that he wanted an

continued on page 61

The film's dark, noir look recalled the style of the old *OUTER LIMITS* series.



COMING

STEVEN SPIELBERG'S AMAZING STORIES

Science fiction comes to TV with big budgets and big name directors.

By Bill Kelley

It may be true that most of the movies produced by Steven Spielberg are directed either by routine professionals (Richard Donner and GOONIES) or eccentric filmmakers eager for a hit (Robert Zemeckis and BACK TO THE FUTURE), but it doesn't look like that's going to be true of his first TV series, NBC's AMAZING STORIES. Spielberg has lined up Clint Eastwood, Martin Scorsese, and Paul Bartel among others, and on the strength of an excerpt reel screened for TV critics and network affiliates, the half-hour anthology series looks mighty encouraging.

AMAZING STORIES opens NBC's 8 p.m. hour, beginning in September (followed by another 30-minute anthology, the ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS revival). The series has an unprecedented two-season, 44-episode commitment from NBC (most series receive, at best, a 13-week deal, after which they are cancelled if their ratings are not promising). NBC Entertainment president Brandon Tartikoff said he and NBC chairman Grant Tinker took exactly one day to decide to give Spielberg the deal he asked for including no advance promotion featuring clips from each week's episode (meaning you won't see Spielberg in the centerpiece of the NBC logo shouting "Be There!" like other network personalities).

Why such a cushy deal? "To give Spielberg the most comfortable possible creative environment, and because we feel confident he will deliver the goods," replied Tartikoff, the 36-year-old wunderkind who engineered NBC's recent turnaround in the ratings.

But why would Spielberg return to network television? Admittedly, he made some of his best early films there (including a NIGHT GAL- LERY episode with Joan Crawford and the movie-of-the-week, DUEL) but the pace and budgets of TV drive most filmmakers away and into features after they've had their first substantial TV success.

For Spielberg, his answer (delivered in the privately screened excerpt reel) is directly related to the subjects dramatized in AMAZING STORIES. "These are stories that aren't quite right for features, that 100 years ago would have been short stories," he said. "We've got a lot of directors who would otherwise not



Steven Spielberg directed the first half-hour to be telecast. Be there on NBC.

have done television were it not for the kind of stories we're going to do here."

The vintage *Amazing Stories* pulp magazine from which the series gets its title (still publishing, now with a "soon to be a TV series" banner on its cover) dealt with genre fantasy ranging from horror to otherworldly science fiction. But Spielberg cautioned critics and NBC stations not to expect the macabre. "The tone for AMAZING STORIES will be wonderful and fantasy, irony and comedy," he said cheerfully.

Despite that, the Scorsese episode, as one might expect from the director of RAGING BULL and TAXI DRIVER, is an intense, hit-tech essay, starring Sam Waterston, his eyes wild and hair slicked back, as a man in the throes of emotional collapse. Waterston delightedly called it "a scary story," and Scorsese stated, "This has a combination of character and narrative. It's all told from a man's point of view, so although people are reacting to him, it's all seen through him. It's really an examination of a man having a nervous breakdown."

Bartel described his episode, entitled "The Secret Cinema," as "a story about a young woman who begins to suspect her life is being secretly filmed by a conspiracy of her friends and acquaintances." A remake of an early Bartel short of the same title, this episode is crammed with typically Bartelian visual flourishes, distorted photography, garish

character makeup and a cast which includes Bartel's frequent collaborator, actress Mary Woronov (EATING RAOUL, DEATH RACE 2000).

Spielberg himself directed the first and most whimsically haunting episode to air, the idea for which came to him nearly 30 years ago, while he was living in suburban Haddon, N.J. "I used to hear, through my bedroom window, a train going by every night as I'd fall asleep," Spielberg recalled. "But I never actually saw the train. And I thought, wouldn't it be wonderful if it wasn't a real train, but a ghost train?"

As adapted for AMAZING STORIES, the Spielberg train fantasy involves an old man (played by Roberts Blossom), who survived a train crash decades earlier in which he was supposed to have perished, and who, explained Spielberg, "is about to have an appointment with destiny" when the ghost train reappears.

AMAZING STORIES is at the vanguard of a Fall '85 anthology cycle that also includes HBO's THE HITCHHIKER and RAY BRADBURY THEATER, and network TV's THE TWILIGHT ZONE and GEORGE BURNS COMEDY WEEK. Its budget is a reported \$1 million per segment (a normal full hour of TV costs \$900,000 on the average). The logical question then, is: suppose no one watches, and it bombs in the ratings? Will Spielberg hold NBC to its promise for a two-year run?

"Nobody wants to be allied with a failure, especially not Steven Spielberg," an NBC executive said privately. "Some settlement would be worked out. But we're not anticipating that. We see success written all over this show. Maybe not the instant success everyone would like, maybe the slow-build success of HILL STREET BLUES. But we think it will be a hit."

Meanwhile, Phil Burrell, the executive for the New York ad agency Dancer Fitzgerald Sample, who each summer handicaps the potential winners and duds of the upcoming season, gave AMAZING STORIES an even chance: "Spielberg's movie image—nonstop, big-screen action—is not what he'll be bringing to TV. Some of these stories are going to be slow and esoteric. The show could go either way; my gut feeling—me personally, not the agency—says it's a hit." □

NEW RELEASES

THE BRIDE August 16

A Columbia Release. Directed by Franc Roddam. With Sting, Jennifer Beals, Gale Baker, Noel Conlon.

A new version of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, see page 44 for our rave review.

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD August 16

An Orion Pictures Release. Directed by Dan O'Bannon. With: Clu Gulager, James Karen, Don Calfa, Linnea Quigley.

An ersatz sequel mixing horror and humor, see page 16.

THE STUFF August 23

A New World Pictures Release. Directed by Larry Cohen. With: Michael Moriarty, Garrett Morris, Andrea Marcovici.

The director of IT'S ALIVE updates THE BLOB in this tale of a dessert fad that consumes the consumer, with effects by David Allen, see 15:3:17.

GODZILLA 1985 August 23

A New World Pictures Release. Directed by Koji Hashimoto. With: Shin Takuma, Ken Tanaka, Keiju Kobayashi.

A remake by Toho Films of Japan of the original GODZILLA, a film that became a surprise boxoffice hit 30 years ago and spawned 15 sequels.

WARNING SIGN August 23

A 20th Century-Fox Release. Directed by Hal Barwood. With: Sam Watson, Kathleen Quinlan, Jeffrey DeMunn, Richard Dysart.

Science fiction from the team that brought you DRAGONSLAYER, see page 11.

GREMLINS August 30

A Warner Bros Re-release. Directed by Joe Dante. With: Zach Galligan, Hoyt Axton, Phoebe Cates, Polly Holliday.

For those disappointed by EXPLORERS, the film that made director Joe Dante a hit shows what a difference Steven Spielberg makes.

BRAZIL September 20

A Universal Release. Directed by Terry Gilliam. With: Jonathan Pryce, Robert DeNiro, Katherine Helmond, Ian Holm.

This grim, Orwellian comedy-fantasy from the director of TIME BANDITS. Opens in New York and Los Angeles only, see page 8.

REMO: THE FIRST ADVENTURE October 11

An Orion Pictures Release. Directed by Guy Hamilton. With: Fred Ward, Joel Grey, Kate Mulgrew, Wilford Brimley.

Pulp adventures of super-hero assassin Remo Williams, "The Destroyer," see page 14.

FRIGHT NIGHT

Tom Holland, author of *PSYCHO II*, makes his directorial debut and revitalizes the vampire genre.

by Charlotte Wolter

If first-time director Tom Holland has his way, *FRIGHT NIGHT*, which opened August 2, will bring new respectability to a tradition he genuinely reveres: the vampire film. "The last gasp of the genre was the parody, *LOVE AT FIRST BITE*," he noted with scorn. "THE HUNGER was so ashamed of its genre that it didn't even mention the word vampire. They were terrified of it. This film is the first modern retelling that stays faithful to the conventions of the myth. The vampire is very contemporary, but still subject to the laws of the genre."

Holland, who wrote *PSYCHO II*, is an intriguing character in an industry of professionally interesting people. A former actor in soaps (*LOVE OF LIFE*, *A TIME FOR US*) and over 200 commercials, he is a Phi Beta Kappa UCLA graduate and a member of the California Bar.

No stranger to the blue-collar world of genre films, Holland has also scripted such modest works as *CLOAK AND DAGGER* and *CLASS OF 1984*. "I never start out to do them," claimed Holland. "It's just that they are the entry-level jobs in the business. I consider myself a writer of psychological suspense much more than I do horror. In *PSYCHO II* there are some carefully chosen horrific images, like the knife in the mouth, but generally it was a dialogue and character film."



Christopher Sarandon as vampire Jerry Dandrige, in makeup by Ken Diaz.

Jerry Dandrige, the film's vampire, is portrayed by Christopher Sarandon, whose extensive credits include the Stratford Connecticut Shakespeare Festival and numerous on- and off-Broadway appearances. Sarandon's preparation for the role included inventing a detailed biography for the character. "The scenario I created for myself was that here is a man who has not only lived hundreds of years, but also lived them unable to make any lasting human bonds," he said.

Added Holland, "It's not a very pleasant way to live out eternity, being constantly chased and hounded. I didn't want to re-write the story and make him a nice guy, but I did want the audience to have a sense of the curse of being a

creature like this, as well as the attraction of it. I needed someone who was strongly sexual, but who would also be willing to scare the shit out of you. Sarandon had both qualities."

Newcomer William Ragsdale, delighted to be making his feature debut as the film's teen hero after solid stage experience, is appropriately ingenuous as the youth who stumbles onto a vampire in his home town. Casting Roddy McDowell as a former horror star hoping to recapture some of his past glory was sheer inspiration.

"I had to have people who would deliver for me," said Holland about his cast, "because I was asking so much more than is usually required within the genre. I wrote strong acting scenes, and I did some scenes in masters so they had to give a sustained performance for 2 to 3 minutes."

Holland called on Richard Edlund's Boss Film Corporation to produce the special effects which range from matte shots to a puppet bat. The most impressive works are the makeup creations of Ken Diaz.

Both Sarandon and Amanda Bearse, who plays Ragsdale's girlfriend, undergo startling makeup transformations. Even genre veterans were visibly startled by the gruesome sight of the wholesomely pretty Bearse arriving on set in a macabre full-face prosthetic for her vampire scene. In another scene, makeup effects create the metamorphosis of one

character from a wolf to a boy.

An elaborate, antique-filled jumble of rooms which rambled through two sound stages was production designer John De Cuir's set for Dandrige's sinister mansion. The set was like visiting an immense Halloween funhouse.

How does Holland think modern audiences will react to a *new* vampire film? "Hopefully it will be scary enough for those who are into vampires, but also with enough character, relationships and just plain fun so that other people will like it too," said Holland. "I think, if you want to do it successfully, you have to embrace it with great caring. There is no sense that this film is a parody of the genre. The vampire is dead real, a real threat. The danger is, if you don't get a willing suspension of disbelief, the audience is going to be laughing in the aisles."

"I think also that all of us want to believe in the vampire legend," added Holland. "There are certain fantasy characters that have a sort of timeless appeal. I don't know what archetype it is, but it is one that sure is appealing to the human consciousness." □

McDowell with the film's teen leads, William Ragsdale and Amanda Bearse.



Reluctant vampire killer Roddy McDowell watches a werewolf in its death throes.



BRAZIL

A grim, Orwellian satire from the hit director of TIME BANDITS.

By C. V. Drake

Scheduled for release last year by Universal Pictures and released in England early this spring, the \$14 million **BRAZIL** is set to open in New York and Los Angeles on September 20. Directed by former Monty Pythonite Terry Gilliam, the film depicts a frustratingly bureaucratic metropolis set in a kind of parallel universe, presented as an allegory for our own time, much as George Lucas intended *THX 1138*.

The film's mixture of totalitarian repression (including murder by torture) with comedy is a tricky business for the director of *TIME BANDITS*. One person's joke is another's horror, making the film tough for Universal to market. Gilliam wrote the script with Tom Stoppard, who has adapted classics by Molnar and Nestroy for the English stage. The film can be paraphrased best as a black comedy version of 1984—or Walter Mitty meets Franz Kafka.

BRAZIL stars Jonathan Pryce as Sam Lowry, a clever, though ambitious clerk at the Ministry of Information. Price can shuffle files and operate computers with the best of them, but for him, the important part of his life is spent dreaming. He imagines himself to be a winged knight rescuing a damsel in distress. The role is a change of pace for Pryce, an award-winning stage actor who is building a film career. The actor's last two roles were manifestations of evil, as a heavy in *THE PLOUGHMAN'S LUNCH* and the

Combat with a totalitarian nemesis, the protagonist's daydream captured in a stylishly conceived fantasy sequence.



Katherine Helmond, a plastic surgery buff, enjoys getting her face redone.

devil in Disney's *SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES*. His role in **BRAZIL** is much like the daydreaming lad of Gilliam's *TIME BANDITS* grown up.

Through a bureaucratic mixup Pryce becomes involved with renegade heating engineer A. Tuttle, played by Robert DeNiro. Tuttle is suspected of terrorism and messing with Central Services equipment. The role is a small but pivotal one for DeNiro, who has won Oscars for both Best Actor (*RAGING BULL*) and Best Supporting Actor (*GODFATHER PART II*). The part is much like the key role given Sean Connery in Gilliam's *TIME BANDITS*.

Also featured is Katherine Helmond (the Ogre's wife in *TIME BANDITS*) as Ida, Pryce's domineering mother, whose hobby consists of undergoing plastic surgery. Ian Holm plays Pryce's cowardly boss, and Michael Palin is Jack Lint, an obsequious bureaucrat. Palin, an associate of Gilliam's on the Monty Python team since its formation in 1969, also coauthored with Gilliam the screenplay for *TIME BANDITS*.

With Monty Python films like *THE HOLY GRAIL*, *THE MEANING OF LIFE*, Gilliam's own *JABBERWOCKY* and *TIME BANDITS*, works by John Landis such as *AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON* and *INTO THE NIGHT* as well as Joe Dante's *GREMLINS*, the relationship between comedy and good taste is continually being redefined. In **BRAZIL**, for example, there is excremental humor. DeNiro, as Tuttle, manages to fill the protective suits of two government heating men with raw sewage.

Gilliam wants people to find themselves laughing at what happens in **BRAZIL** and then do a dou-

ble take and think, "My God! What am I laughing at." Some viewers are sure not to respond well to this approach. **BRAZIL**'s profitability in the U.S. is going to depend on the ratio of those who do.

Gilliam, who went to high school in Los Angeles, is the only American Python; after earning a degree in political science he went to work for Harvey Kurtzman, the founder of *Mad* magazine. In 1967, Gilliam moved to England, and with John Cleese, Eric Idle, Graham Chapman, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin founded the comedy group Monty Python's Flying Circus. His best known Python contributions are the bizarre animated sequences for the group's TV show. It is apparent from Gilliam's work that he is fascinated with humor and cruelty. His films are punctuated with weird shocks: a dwarf in *TIME BANDITS* biting off a rat's head, the ubiquitous descending and crushing foot from Monty Python, and others. **BRAZIL** is no exception.

With his Python background, it is not surprising that Gilliam is an exponent of pastiche and parody. In many sequences, **BRAZIL** is a brilliant, cutting Orwellian satire. At times, the film even looks like Michael Radford's recent 1984. Both films make extensive use of retro-futuristic devices such as TV, telephone, and even tubular message senders. But there are echoes of many films besides 1984 in **BRAZIL**. In one of Pryce's fantasies, the girl of his dreams is imprisoned in a free-floating cage not unlike the one in *TIME BANDITS*. The rescue dream sequence is staged by Gilliam like the action in a James Bond film. Given the director's predilection for animation, it is surprising that most of the film's extensive effects are done with models. □

CRONENBERG DROPS TOTAL RECALL, DOES THE FLY NEXT

Canadian horror film director David Cronenberg has quit **TOTAL RECALL**, a big-budget Dino DeLaurentiis production set on Mars, to have filmed at the DeLaurentiis studios in Rome later this year. Film, based on the Philip K. Dick novel *I Can Remember It For You Wholesale*, had gone through numerous rewrites by associate producer Ron Shusett (who wrote the original script with Dan O'Bannon) and later by Cronenberg, none satisfactory to DeLaurentiis. No replacement for Cronenberg has been named, though DeLaurentiis is rumored to have offered the assignment to 007 director John Glen and Franc Roddam, whose most recent film is *THE BRIDE*.

Meanwhile, Shusett has taken on the scripting chores for **KING KONG IN MOSCOW**, DeLaurentiis' sequel to his 1977 film in which the giant ape is brought back to life with an artificial heart the size of a truck. And Cronenberg, who directed *THE DEAD ZONE* for DeLaurentiis, has been hired by Brooksbank to direct their remake of *THE FLY*, for 20th Century-Fox. Cronenberg replaced director Robert Bierman on that project and has moved the filming from England to Canada.

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

FRANK OZ DIRECTS FOR THE GEFFEN CO.

Filming is set to begin in October at Pinewood Studios in England on *THE LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS*, a big-budget feature film based on the off-Broadway stage hit by Howard Ashman (which was itself based on the 1960 Roger Corman B-film of the same name). Frank Oz, former Muppet associate of Jim Henson, is set to direct for producer Bill Gilmore and the Geffen Co., with Rick Moranis (*STRANGE BREW*) starring as nerd Seymour Krelboined and Steve Martin as the Dentist. Designer Roy Walker has erected a street set for the production on the studio's Bond stage and animatronic specialist Lyle Conway is creating the story's man-eating plant. Also starring is Ellen Green who played Audrey in the off-Broadway version.



LEGEND

by Alan Jones

LEGEND requires of the viewer not only a suspension of disbelief but a fair amount of judgement too. Ridley Scott's magical fable has such an overpowering sense of majestic beauty that, coupled with the filmmaker's stylistic brilliance, it swamps everything else in sight—the actors, the plot, Rob Bottin's makeup, the lot! The paper-thin story—a classically simple struggle between the powers of darkness and light—is constantly overshadowed by the rich spectacular depiction of everyone's dream of what the perfect fairy tale should look like.

Whether it's a hazily sunlit leafy dell or the foreboding subterranean castle of the Lord of Darkness, Scott creates an ambience that seems to have leapt from the pages of Hans Cristian Andersen. Would that the same sentimentality and superficial emotional resonance contained in the best of those stories had transferred itself as well. It's a shame that the only sense of romance conveyed in this newly conceived brand of folklore comes courtesy of a lush Jerry Goldsmith score and not from much else.

LEGEND unfolds in a mystical, timeless landscape populated by humans, fairies and woodland creatures who co-exist in perfect harmony. The status quo is preserved by the last remaining pair of unicorns whose alicorns contain

Director Ridley Scott's fairy tale is visually dazzling, but fails to equal ALIEN or BLADE RUNNER.

Above: Robert Picardo as flesh-eating zombie Meg Mucklebones, in makeup by Rob Bottin. Below: The last remaining unicorns which possess the secret of the Power of Light. Universal plans to release the film, directed by Ridley Scott, on November 8.



the secret of the Power of Light. Set to destroy this tranquil paradise is the Lord of Darkness whose anathema is sunlight. To ensure that the sun will never rise again, he sends

a group of goblins on an assignment to kill the unicorns and plunge the world into a never-ending wintry void.

"Innocence" in the form of Princess Lili leads the goblins to the unicorn's secret glade. And from that moment on, the quest begins for Lili's suitor—the forest-wise Jack O' the Green—to restore the mythical kingdom's balance. He is joined on the perilous journey to infiltrate the underground fortress of the Lord of Darkness by a motley band of fairies and elves, (one called The Gump, an odd coincidence with the character name used in RETURN TO OZ). Jack's task becomes even more important when Lili herself seems to fall under the spell of the dark forces.

At only 95 minutes in length, LEGEND seems to have lost some of the detail which probably would have made the story a less cut and dried affair. Jack, blankly played by Tom Cruise, never seems to be in danger for a moment, the happy ending being an even more foregone conclusion than usual. And the hazards Jack encounters make this quest one of the easiest in memory. The film's strength is that writer William

continued on page 53

Re-Animator

Director Stuart Gordon, who brought E. R. to life at Chicago's Organic Theatre, tries his hand at horror.

by Dan Gire

When the horror film *THE RE-ANIMATOR* opens in theatres later this summer, a new breed of zombie will shatter the traditional image of the walking dead as slow and stupid. Zombies from *THE RE-ANIMATOR* aren't so much "the walking dead" as they are "the running, leaping, ripping, biting dead." Unlike the corpses that shambled and shuffled their way through *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* and *DAWN OF THE DEAD*, these rejuvenated bodies are fast and powerful. Pumped full of a potent adrenaline derivative, they literally jump off morgue tables in a garrish high-speed imitation of life.

To director Stuart Gordon, *THE RE-ANIMATOR* doesn't even qualify as a true zombie movie. "Actually, this is an old-fashioned horror movie, like a modern-day Frankenstein film," Gordon said. "It's based on the idea of these young, bright medical students who develop a serum that can re-activate the brain after death."

The medical students think they've stumbled upon the greatest thing since aspirin. Then they

The film's zombies aren't slow and shuffling, they literally leap off morgue tables in fast-paced action sequences.



A victim gets his face ripped off, makeup designed by John Carl Buechler.

realize the problem with their grand experiment. The revived corpses sustain various degrees of brain damage, so their disposition is less than pleasant when they rebound from permanent peace. In unrelenting pain, the man-made creatures go berserk, they rip off victims' faces, chow-down on living tissue and effectively negate any Nobel Prize hopes for the young researchers.

Although a bargain basement French-Italian production titled *CITY OF THE WALKING DEAD* featured quick-moving zombies earlier this spring, *THE RE-ANIMATOR* will probably receive credit for breaking new ground with zombie films. Also, *THE RE-ANIMATOR* promises to show its over-active cadavers in the most realistic detail ever seen on the silver screen.

"The depiction of corpses in this film is much more accurate than anyone has ever done before," Gordon said. "The standard way of portraying corpses is to paint them white or bluish gray and maybe put dark rings around the eyes. Every individual corpse looks different, just like people. We tried to give that same look to the bodies."

To insure authentic zombie

appearance, Gordon tapped the medical knowledge of a friend, Dr. Ron Berman, the former director of a California emergency room. "With Berman's help, we tried to keep the medical aspects as close to reality as possible," Gordon said. "Also, I talked to lots of pathologists on the appearance of cadavers and visited half a dozen morgues."

Designs for the rather graphic zombie makeup came from John Carl Buechler, the artist who created the vicious title characters of *GHOULIES*. Cinematographer

Mac Ahlberg—who once shot TV movies for Ingmar Bergman—also photographed *GHOULIES* prior to shooting *THE RE-ANIMATOR*. Bob Burns, recognized mostly for his eerie human bone motifs from *THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE* and *THE HOWLING*, supplied the art direction.

THE RE-ANIMATOR, loosely based on a short story by H. P. Lovecraft, hovers around \$1 million in production costs, a mere 10 percent of the average Hollywood movie budget. Empire Pictures, the up-and-coming independent distributor of *GHOULIES*, *DUNGEON MASTER* and other low-budget fantasy-horror tales, will release the movie this summer after the major studio productions drop out of the market and theatre screens become available.

Before sitting down in his director's chair, Gordon scrutinized both of George Romero's cult classics and reviewed most of the major horror movies made during the past 15 years. The one he found most intriguing wasn't even a monster movie by purist standards—Roman Polanski's *ROSEMARY'S BABY*.

"The thing that makes it such a neat film is that it's very subjective," he said. "You see everything through Rosemary's eyes. It's like the camera is mounted on Rosemary's shoulder. He gave the film a documentary feeling; you think it's really happening."

continued on page 60

Stuart Gordon, an alumnus of Chicago's Organic Theatre, makes his directing debut.



YOUNG SHERLOCK

DAVID ALLEN DOES STOP-MOTION AT ILM

Animator David Allen recently finished work at ILM on the pre-credits stop-motion sequence that opens *YOUNG SHERLOCK HOLMES*, Steven Spielberg's Christmas production for Paramount. A character goes to eat dinner after leaving an opium den only to watch the food on his plate come alive, including a roasted turkey that gets up and dances. Characters also emerge from a book and come alive. The original script by Chris Columbus teams Holmes with Watson as teenagers.

F. I. T. TO KILL
NEW OFF-BEAT LARRY COHEN THRILLER

After attacking the fast food industry in *THE STUFF*, currently in release from New World Pictures, cult director Larry Cohen is planning his next project which deals with yet another—in his mind—suspect contemporary craze. Titled *F. I. T. TO KILL*, the project is currently in preparation for New World with whom Cohen enjoyed working during production of *THE STUFF*.

"The film concerns the trendy fetish for fitness, aerobics, diet and health," explained Cohen. "I got to thinking that most of the general public is pretty scared of all those Arnold Schwarzenegger-type bodies. I developed an idea for a story about people who go away to a health and fitness center and come back with terrifically muscular bodies which they no longer have any control over."

The center, called *F. I. T.*, treats customers with experimental steroids developed by a sinister soviet scientist who defected to the West. Once the body builders lose control of their bodies they have to go to alarming lengths to cover up their crimes.

"This is based on fact," said Cohen, who cites accounts of Russian weight lifters who died under mysterious circumstances. "The central core of the film is my worry that health fanatics are probably damaging themselves physically more than they realize. Doesn't that sound like something Larry Cohen would definitely tackle? You'd know it was one of my pictures even if you didn't know it." **Alan Jones**

WARNING SIGN

Biological CHINA SYNDROME meets NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD.

By Lawrence French

"It's a cross between *THE CHINA SYNDROME* and *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*," said producer Jim Bloom of *WARNING SIGN*, to be released by 20th Century-Fox on August 23. Written by the filmmaking duo of Matthew Robbins and Hal Barwood, who last collaborated on *DRAGONSLAYER*, the story deals with the frightening implications of scientists using gene splicing techniques in an attempt to develop new forms of germ warfare.

Set in a small community in the Utah plains, the film focuses on the BioTek Agronomics plant, where a project code-named 'Blue Harvest' is under development. The workers at BioTek believe that 'Blue Harvest' is an attempt to grow corn in salt water, but in reality, chief scientists Dr. Nielsen and Schmidt are actually experimenting with a bacterium which they have genetically manipulated to attack the nerve center of the human brain. When an accident occurs at the lab, causing the release of the deadly germs, sensors in the building sense the 'Biohazard' and the plant is sealed off to prevent the escape of the bacteria, while at the same time trapping 85 BioTek employees inside with the infectious germs.

"The idea behind germ warfare is to develop a bug, so that rather than having to kill your enemy, he'll kill himself," said Bloom. "In this case, they've altered this experimental bacterium to attack the rage center of the brain, which drives the people inside crazy. They begin to band together in renegade groups, and their rage expresses itself in a desire to kill each other! The people on the outside of the lab, the friends and

relatives of the people trapped inside, begin to realize that something more than gene splicing has been going on, and they become angry at the cover-up."

The film was originally a project at the Ladd Company written after Barwood and Robbins' previous effort for Ladd, *THE GRID*, was cancelled due to its high budget. "That was a wonderful screenplay about time travel," remarked Bloom. "It was about four friends who come back through time, but just as if you might take the wrong turn on a freeway and get lost, these people make an error and get lost chronologically. One lands in 1954, one in 1962, one in 1972, and one in 1978. Then it takes 20 years for all of them to get back together again."

With a proposed budget of \$17 million for *THE GRID*, the Ladd Company felt a need to trim it back to \$14 million, but Bloom and Barwood thought the film could not be made properly for that amount. "Then Barwood and Robbins wrote the *WARNING SIGN* script, which was done specifically as Barwood's directorial debut," said Bloom. However, after the Ladd Company's lackluster returns on *THE RIGHT STUFF*, all production there came to a halt. The script became available and was picked up by Joe Wizan, then President of Fox.

WARNING SIGN was filmed last summer on a modest budget of \$7.7 million, and Bloom attempted to surround Barwood with as many experienced creative people as possible. Veteran production designer Henry Bumstead, who designed Hitchcock's *VERTIGO* and *FAMILY PLOT*, created the film's hi-tech laboratory environments, while Dean Cundey, long a favorite camer-



Stars Kathleen Quinlan, Sam Waterston and Jeffrey DeMunn (right), who plays the scientist who blows the whistle.

aman of John Carpenter, was brought in as cinematographer.

To keep costs within the budget, interior filming was done at a vacant Junior High School in La Crescenta, California. "We saved quite a bit, because rather than building a lot of sets, we could go in and use existing rooms, walls and staircases," revealed Bloom. "We built the main BioTek containment lab in the school's gym. It all worked out very well." Money was also saved by casting the film without expensive star names. Instead, actors with solid dramatic backgrounds were chosen. "We didn't want star names for this picture," said Bloom. "It's supposed to be real, a story that could happen to anyone, and very often a star can detract from that."

Sam Waterston was cast in the leading role of Sheriff Cal Morse, who must keep the townspeople calm in the face of the catastrophe. Kathleen Quinlan (*TWILIGHT ZONE*) plays the wife of Sheriff Morse, and as a security guard trapped inside the plant, keeps her husband informed of the situation via a radio hookup. Also featured is Yaphet Kotto (*ALIEN*), as Major Connolly from the U. S. Accident Containment Team (U.S.A.C.T.). He arrives at the site and attempts to allay the fears of the crowd outside by telling them the accident is only a

continued on page 61

Quinlan gets trapped inside a germ warfare plant where workers have gone berserk.



REAL GENIUS

Laser guns and college pranks in science fiction *ANIMAL HOUSE*.

By Jim Clark

"I love science fiction and fantasy," said Martha Coolidge, director of *REAL GENIUS*, the new high-tech comedy. "This picture is a little bit of science fiction and a lot of science fact. There's also a fantasy-adventure element. I wanted to make a comedy which competed with the best science fiction films."

REAL GENIUS is produced by Brian Grazer (co-writer and producer of *SPLASH*), who came up with the idea for a film that contains just about everything: intrigue, outrageous comedy, adventure, a little romance, a lot of warmth—and unique characters. The characters are brilliant teenage students at Pacific Tech (an imaginary school) who seem to devote their lives to two things: science, and the creation of the most hilarious pranks imaginable.

The two heroes of *REAL GENIUS* are Chris Knight (Val Kilmer, the lead in *TOP SECRET*), a 21-year-old physics genius who's also the undisputed king of pranksters at Pacific Tech, and his new room-

mate, the shy, homesick physics prodigy Mitch Taylor (played by 15-year-old Gabe Jarrett). The plot revolves around the schemes of the unscrupulous Professor Hathaway (William Atherton of *GHOSTBUSTERS*) to trick Chris and Mitch into helping him fulfill a secret contract—for an unnamed branch of our government—to build a "STAR WARS" type laser. This weapon would be capable of assassinating "dangerous enemies" with pinpoint accuracy from miles above the earth.

The film, which opened August 9, is also noteworthy for what happened behind the camera. *REAL GENIUS* is a major Hollywood production from Tri-Star Pictures and is directed by a woman, still an all too rare phenomenon. Director Martha Coolidge did graduate work in filmmaking at both Columbia and New York University, during the tumultuous '60s. After film school, she began writing and directing a series of award-winning documentaries. Then in 1983 she directed *VALLEY GIRL*, a critical and popular success, which shows her con-

siderable talent for both sharply observed, realistic characters and hilarious comedy. It was quite a change for the director moving from *VALLEY GIRL*'s \$350,000 budget to the \$13 million she had to work with on *REAL GENIUS*.

In fact, over \$2 million of the *REAL GENIUS* budget is marked for a variety of special effects. The large special effects crew is led by Phil Cory. Although Coolidge had not been involved in working with mechanical and optical effects before, she spoke enthusiastically about her experience on *REAL GENIUS*. "I loved working with special effects," she said. "I felt I had a mind for the logistics of piecing together the puzzle—creating effects and devising ways to shoot them."

Martha Coolidge points out that *REAL GENIUS* has a very optimistic view of science. One way she expressed that outlook was by carefully avoiding the cold, sterile (and cliched) look of most high-tech films. "I wanted a film that had a certain realism yet captured the beauty of science and the style of old



Director Martha Coolidge.

California," she said. "I wanted to combine technology with people in a romantic view of life."

But the forte of *REAL GENIUS* is its characters. In addition to Chris and Mitch, there's Jordan, the loveable hyper-active motor mouth; Kent, a slimy but hilarious brown nose who gets messages from "God" through a transistor cleverly planted in his mouth by our heroes; and the unforgettable Hollyfeld, who lives deep in the steam tunnels beneath Pacific Tech with his Symbolics computer, which he uses to enter 1,600,000 entries in the "Frito Lay Sweepstakes." Because Coolidge understands and loves this motley assortment of science prodigies, we also come to really care about them.

Many of the pranks in the film are modeled after notorious incidents which actually happened at Oxford, Cal Tech, and MIT. For instance, there's the time when the kids fill a dorm corridor with ice, and go for bobsled rides. (The sequence called for several miles of freezing tubes to

continued on page 54

Left: Physics genius Val Kilmer heads for the second story office of an obnoxious prof. Right: The laser weapon gets out of hand.



BOXOFFICE SURVEY: FLAT SUMMER ENTRIES CAUSE GENRE SLUMP

An analysis of the 50 Top Grossing Films, as reported weekly by *Variety*, reveals that in the first half of 1985, (26 weeks through 7/3) revenue from horror, fantasy and science fiction films has decreased a dramatic 30.3% from last year while film grosses in general have dropped only 6.7%.

Of the 230 titles that comprised the weekly listings, 62 or 27.0% were genre titles, accounting for a flat 27.6% of the total boxoffice. Last year at this time, although the genre represented only 28.5% of all films, the genre earned 36.9% of all revenue. The genre has consistently been a strong performer in the summer months, earning an

average of 37.5% of all boxoffice after 26 weeks since we began to keep the Boxoffice Survey in 1981.

Last year *GHOSTBUSTERS*, *INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM*, and *GREMLINS* were the top three boxoffice draws, all genre films. This year *RAMBO* is the top grosser and no genre film has broken through to blockbuster status as in previous years. On the contrary, some potential genre hits have turned out to be flops at the boxoffice, including Disney's *RETURN TO OZ* and Tobe Hooper's *LIFEFORCE*.

Top-grossing genre films in the *Variety* totals are listed at right

(through 7/17). For purposes of breakdown by genre, titles are indicated as horror (h), fantasy (f), and science fiction (sf), followed by the number of weeks each title made it into the Top 50 listings since January. The dollar amounts listed represent only a small, scientific sample of a film's total earnings (on an average of about one fourth of a film's domestic gross).

There were 19 fantasy films (22 last year), 8.3% of all films and 13% of total boxoffice revenue; 21 science fiction films (16 last year), 9.1% of all films and 9.2% of revenue; and 22 horror films (32 last year), 9.6% of all films but merely 5.4% of total boxoffice.

TOP GENRE FILMS OF '85

A VIEW TO A KILL (sf, 8)	\$12,889,864
THE GOONIES (f, 6)	\$11,768,310
COCOON (sf, 4)	\$11,470,228
BACK TO THE FUTURE (sf, 2)	\$9,023,852
THE LAST DRAGON (f, 8)	\$8,476,430
DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN (f, 16)	\$8,193,061
PALE RIDER (f, 3)	\$6,736,929
FRIDAY THE 13TH—A NEW BEGINNING (h, 6)	\$5,779,691
PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO (f, 20)	\$5,372,168
LADYHAWKE (f, 10)	\$4,386,530
A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET (h, 20)	\$4,098,838
STARMAN (sf, 10)	\$3,906,283
RETURN TO OZ (f, 4)	\$3,829,313
MAD MAX BEYOND THUNDERDOME (sf, 1)	\$3,546,005
GHOULIES (h, 15)	\$3,528,393

TWILIGHT ZONE

CBS-TV revives everyone's favorite anthology series of fantasy and science fiction in September

by Max Rebeaux

Production began Monday, March 11, 1985 on a new hour-long series with an old familiar name—THE TWILIGHT ZONE. CBS Television has dusted off the rights they have held for twenty-one years and committed to thirteen installments from executive producer Phil DeGuere, trading on the name recognition of the old series, accumulated in its twenty years of syndication, plus the additional boost provided by last year's feature film from Spielberg's Amblin Productions.

DeGuere was the mind behind CBS' WHIZ KIDS and last season's hit SIMON AND SIMON for Universal Television, before jumping to CBS when he became unhappy with Universal during the re-negotiation of his contract there. CBS immediately cast him as creative consultant on the short-lived series OTHERWORLD before offering him the position as overseer of the new TWILIGHT ZONE.

DeGuere began developing the series with the aid of his SIMON AND SIMON partner James Crocker, bringing in writer Alan Brenert to develop story ideas and cull the initial material. Brenert moved from writing novels and short stories to television, scripting for shows like WONDER WOMAN, BUCK ROGERS, and SIMON AND SIMON. Brenert also served some time as story editor for the last season of BUCK ROGERS. His official capacity for the new series is as executive story consultant.

Another member absorbed into the show's executive staff is a relatively unknown writer with the unlikely name Rockne O'Bannon—no relation to Dan—who had submitted a script which so impressed DeGuere and Crocker that he was quickly hired as story editor. O'Bannon's first script sale—"Word Play"—was to TWILIGHT ZONE, and was among the first slated for production. A final acquisition for the development team was, in some ways, a

coup: last November, DeGuere, Crocker, and Brenert were able to coax noted writer (and one of television's most vocal critics) Harlan Ellison to act as creative consultant.

In the ten years since Ellison publicly announced his divorce from television writing, he became a chief standard-bearer in the crusade against the "mindless pap" of most network programming. Ellison has written two volumes on the subject—*The Glass Teat*, and *The Other Glass Teat*—many harsh essays, and is often quoted as likening the story conference for television production to "reading Voltaire to a cage of baboons..." However, few in the business dispute his expertise in the genre of speculative fiction or his artistry as a scenarist. At best, Ellison and DeGuere are strange bedfellows. DeGuere made his reputation as a network "Golden Boy" with his ability to create series that pull shares and satisfy the same audience who elevated CHARLIE'S ANGELS to the top ten.

Ellison was surprised by DeGuere's fluency in the genre: "I discovered quickly that Phil has a pretty solid grounding in fantasy literature. Early on I suggested to

him that I would love to do a Robert Howard story—but I didn't want to do a Kull or a Conan—I really wanted to do something with Howard's pilgrim sorcerer. DeGuere said, 'Oh—Solomon Kane... Now, that's fairly arcane.'"

The executive staff of the new TWILIGHT ZONE form a "brain trust" dedicated to getting the best that fantasy literature has to offer onto the phosphor-dot screen. A preliminary list of stories and scripts purchased for the new show is impressive: including Arthur C. Clarke's "The Star," Ray Bradbury's "The Burning Man," Robert Heinlein's "By His Bootstraps," Stephen King's "Gramma," and Ellison's "Shatterday." Scripts have been purchased or solicited from D. C. Fontana, George R. R. Martin, Bradbury, and Ellison, as well as an unproduced script from the original series entitled "Button, Button," by Richard Matheson. Matheson's better-known unproduced script, "The Doll," had been considered, but was passed over in favor of the former.

Production on the series is well under way with ten of the twenty minute segments in the can, each with a shooting schedule of

approximately four days. Two shorter segments already produced (and directed by Tommy Lee Wallace) are both lighter in tone than the longer segments: "Dreams for Sale" (with Meg Foster) and "Crosswalk." The show will have a format more like Serling's NIGHT GALLERY series, with episodes of varying length filling up an hour slot.

The initial ten segments shot (though not necessarily the first that will be shown) are as follows: "Little Boy Lost" (directed by Tommy Lee Wallace, script by Lynn Barker; starring Season Hubley); "A Little Peace and Quiet" (directed by Wes Craven, script by James Crocker; starring Melinda Dillon and Greg Mullabey); "Word Play" (directed by Wes Craven, script by Rockne O'Bannon; starring Robert Klein and Annie Potts); "Misfortune Cookie" (directed by Alan Arkush, script by Rockne O'Bannon from a story by Chase Fritch; starring Elliott Gould); "Shatterday" (directed by Wes Craven, script by Alan Brenert from a story by Harlan Ellison; starring Bruce Willis); "Play Time" (directed by Ted Flicker, who also directed "The President's Analyst," script by Haskell Barkin; starring James Coco and Bob Dishy); "Healer" (directed by Sigmund Neufeld, script by Alan Brenert; starring Eric Bogosian and Vincent Gardenia); "Chameleon" (directed by Wes Craven, script by Jim Crocker); "Night Crawlers" (directed by William Friedkin, script by Phil DeGuere from a story by Rod McCammon; starring James Whitmore and Scott Paulin).

William Friedkin, director of THE EXORCIST, is slated for two other segments. Wes Craven, a hot director after last year's hit A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, is shaping up to be the workhorse director for the series, along with Tommy Lee Wallace, a John Carpenter protege. Cinematographer Brian May is handling camera duties.

Work days are running twelve
continued on page 53

Scriptwriter Haskell Barkin with actors James Coco and Bob Dishy during filming of "Play Time," directed by Ted Flicker, director of THE PRESIDENT'S ANALYST.



REMO MAN

REMO: THE FIRST ADVENTURE marks the film debut of assassin Remo Williams, *The Destroyer*.

by Dan Scapperotti

An eight-foot fence, topped with barbed wire rings an incongruous sight just outside Mexico City, for rising inside the fence is the Statue of Liberty. The reconstruction is an exact replica of the original from mid-chest to the tip of the torch seventy feet above. The back of the statue, however, lies open to allow access to the interior by actors and technicians on the set of Orion Pictures' *REMO: THE FIRST ADVENTURE*.

Lanky director Guy Hamilton, veteran of several James Bond epics, looking much like a British

The first book in the 61 book series published by Pinnacle Books, currently with over 20 million copies in print.

version of Ichabod Crane, walks over to a camera pit about five feet deep in front of the statue. A wizened-looking oriental arrives at the site and slowly walks over and bows to Hamilton. The director acknowledges the salute with his own bow. The man is actually actor Joel Grey in makeup for his role as Chuin the reigning master of Sinanju.

The film, which will be released October 11, is the first in what the producers hope will be a successful series of motion pictures based on "The Destroyer" books by Warren Murphy and Richard Sapir, the 61st volume of which, *Lord of the Earth*, has just been issued. Christopher Wood's screenplay adapts the opening chapters of the first book in the series, *CREATED: THE DESTROYER* for the introduction of Remo Williams, but makes dramatic and narratively sound changes to Murphy and Sapir's original. The title character is now a New York City cop who is ambushed in his patrol car and dumped into the East River. Awakening, he finds himself with a new name, face, and identity—that of Remo Williams—and is recruited into C. U. R. E., a government organization that works outside the Constitution in order to save the country from the ravages of foreign and domestic foes who can't be combatted through legal methods. Williams is played by Fred Ward, who starred as Gus Grisson in *THE RIGHT STUFF*.

Remo's first mission is to eliminate a "vicious killer," but when Remo arrives at the assigned penthouse he discovers that his intended victim, an elderly Korean, is more than he can handle. Chuin,



Agents for C. U. R. E., chief Harold W. Smith (Wilford Brimley), Remo Williams (Fred Ward) and McClearey (J. A. Preston), the agent who recruits Williams.

the reigning Master of the mythical Korean martial art form, Sinanju, avoids Remo's lame attempts on his life, easily dodging the bullets from Remo's gun. Chuin has been hired by C. U. R. E. to train Remo in the art of assassination.

When director Guy Hamilton took his cast and crew on location to the real Statue of Liberty for the first day of shooting, he found that extensive planking had been erected for the safety of workmen doing restoration. "To my horror the scaffolding goes right under her nose and out her left nostril," said Hamilton. "You could hold a barmitzvah up there for a hundred people. There was no sense of danger at all. We shot all the exteriors in New York and came down to Mexico to complete filming."

Hamilton shifted the scaffolding back on the Mexico statue to permit the staging of some suspenseful action scenes. "You're not allowed to have anybody on the actual statue because it's paper thin," he said. At one point Remo finds himself hanging from the statue's thumb, which gives the audience a sense of scale, while thugs beat him with chains.

Although an action picture, the aspect of *REMO: THE FIRST ADVENTURE* that sets it apart from similar films is the characterization. Wise guy Remo and his long-suffering tutor, Chuin, develop a rapport that sees them evolve from grudging respect for each other to a father-and-son love which accounts for much of the popularity of the novels. "I see a little of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid in the relationship," said producer Larry Spiegel, sitting in a director's chair not far from the mock statue. "Whenever Butch Cassidy and Sundance were on screen they were always bickering, but you knew that these

two men really loved each other. That's how I felt about Chuin and Remo." The analogy wasn't lost on prospective backers of the film when financing was being sought.

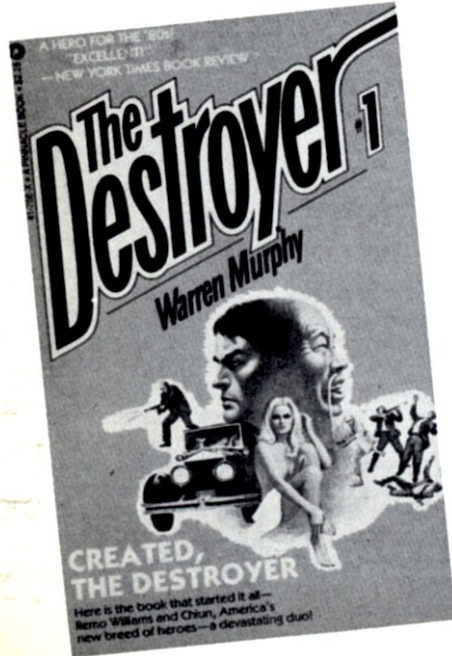
The selection of an actor to play Chuin was the most critical choice facing the project according to Spiegel. "We needed an actor who had a sense of grace, a twinkling sense of humor," he said. "An actor who had the ability to dance, although he doesn't dance in the picture, because his movements had to be fluid." Spiegel was cleaning out a desk drawer when he came across an audio cassette of the soundtrack for *CABARET*. He realized that Joel Grey "was an actor who embodied all the requirements."

Grey was redirecting the theatrical version of *ZORBA* for the national tour with Anthony Quinn when he received a phone call from Guy Hamilton, and saw a script. "I didn't see why they weren't hiring an Asian actor," said Grey. "They told me they'd seen actors on both coasts and the Orient and hadn't found the right combination."

There is something very down-to-earth about Chuin, but there is also something nether-worldly about him," Grey continued. "He's not like Yoda, but there are some of those qualities that seem to be there. To be quite honest when I read the scene about Chuin escaping by walking on water I thought, 'I want to do that.'" Grey met with Hamilton and the producers who were armed with a photo of the actor's face touched-up by makeup artist Carl Fullerton to demonstrate what Grey would look like as an Oriental. Grey was hooked.

The major problem confronting the production was changing Grey physically into the Asian. Carl

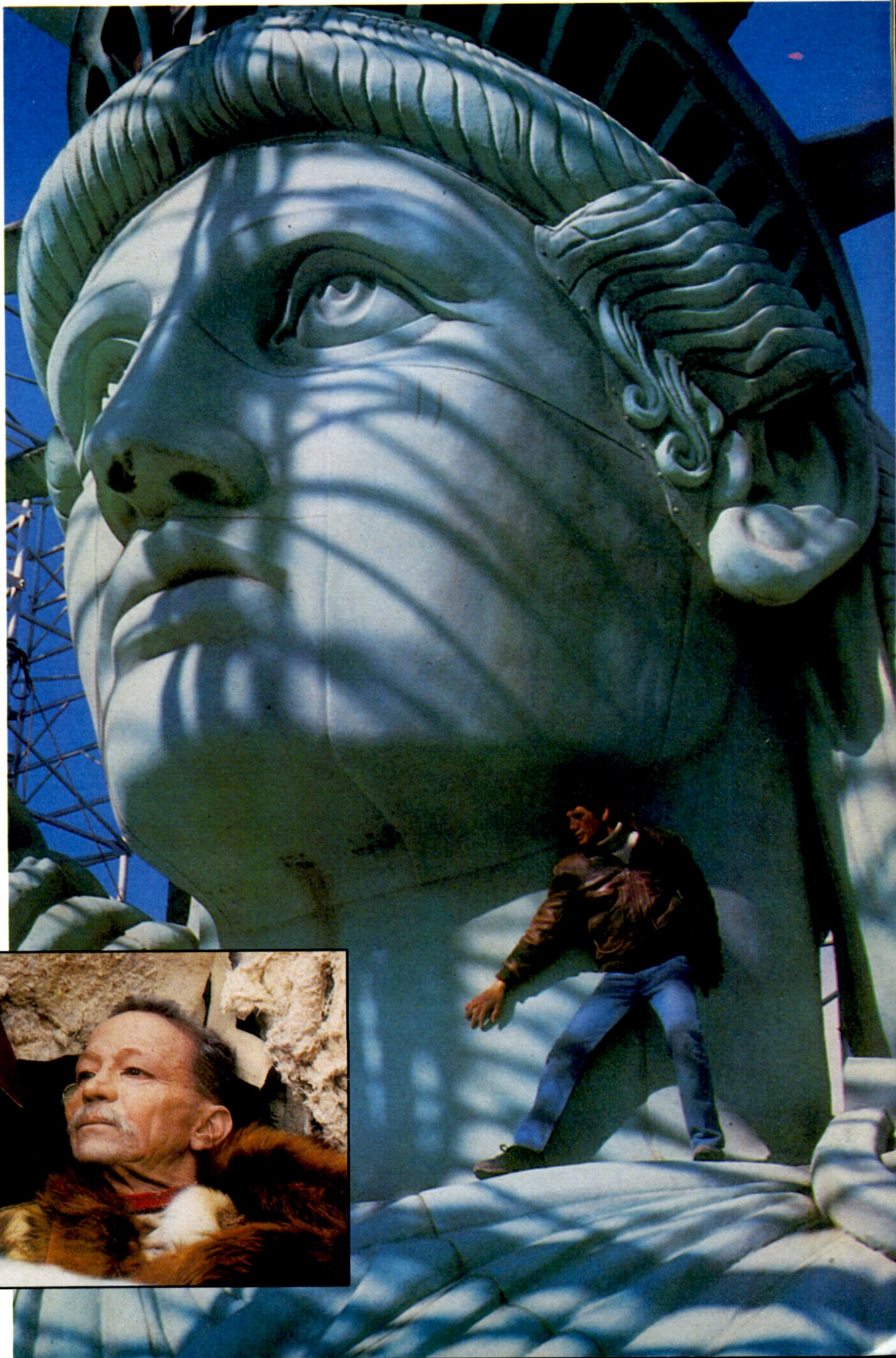
continued on page 56



FILMING REMO AND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

Remo Williams (Fred Ward) clings to the face of a mockup of the statue built outside of Mexico's Churubusco Studios for an action sequence where Remo faces-off against thugs sent to kill him. The mock structure was built using a wood base covered with sculptured styrofoam and coated with fiberglass for strength and stability. Lighting and camera angles will match footage shot on location at the real monument.

Joel Grey, who played the M.C. in *CABARET*, as Chuin, the aged Korean master of the martial art of Sinanju and Remo's mentor and good friend. Grey plays the role in makeup designed by Dick Smith protegee Carl Fullerton.



THE RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD

Article by Steve Biodrowski

The story behind the illegitimate sequel to George Romero's low-budget horror classic.

"The events portrayed in this film are all true. Affidavits by the participants are on file with agencies of the United States Government. The names are real names of real people and real organizations."

Thus begins Dan O'Bannon's first draft screenplay for RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, immediately setting the tone for this sequel (albeit an indirect one) to NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. According to O'Bannon's script, which claims to be based on "documents on file with the United States Government," George Romero's earlier film was based on a true occurrence—but all the details were changed when the U. S. Army threatened to sue if the real story were told. So, O'Ban-

non pulls off the clever trick of establishing a continuity of sorts with the original film while also allowing himself the room to add his own personal touches.

O'Bannon's script parallels the structure of NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, limiting the main characters to a small group of isolated individuals and restricting the time span of events to a single night (an approach, perhaps not uncoincidentally, used by RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD's initial director Tobe Hooper in TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, which also began with a title card claiming the film was based on a true story).

At the same time, O'Bannon breaks genre conventions whenever it suits his purpose, and his

film tries to avoid ripping-off or cloning Romero's work. This approach is best summed up when the characters first find out that, despite what they've seen in NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, decapitation fails to stop *these* animated corpses, and one of them cries out, "You mean the movie lied!?"

Though O'Bannon completed principal photography last September, and the film was scheduled for a Halloween release, problems developed in editing the film and the release was postponed. O'Bannon's cut was modified by the producers to add more humor to the mix, and rescheduled to open in New York and Los Angeles in September, followed by broader release in October. But then distrib-



Left: "She rises out of the mud like a macabre Venus . . ." The resurrection of Trash, makeup by William Munns. Right: Examples of zombie extras realized by Munns using prefabricated masks. The makeup team had to prepare forty extras for filming on a low budget, but director Dan O'Bannon was displeased with the results and fired Munns.





THE HALF CORPSE, an animatronic makeup effect realized by Rick Baker-protégé Tony Gardner. The surrealistic blue eyes were the idea of director Dan O'Bannon to suggest that the walking, animated corpse was once a beautiful woman.

Left: Frank (James Karen), Freddy (Thom Matthews) and Burt (Clu Gulager) attempt to stop the Yellow Man, a jaundiced corpse that has come to life at the Uneeda Medical Supply warehouse. makeup by William Munns. Right: Ernie (Don Calla) and Tina (Beverly Randolph) hide from the zombies in an attic. set design by William Stout.





THE TARMAN was built by makeup supervisor William Munns based on conceptual artwork (left) by production designer William Stout. After Munns was forced to leave the production, his Tarman head (top left) was modified by Kenny Myers, who finished work on the few makeup effects remaining to be filmed. Myers' modified head (top middle and right) was resculpted by Stout to match Munns' work and mechanics were added to provide expression for

utor Orion Pictures began previewing the picture to gauge audience response and realized they had a hot property on their hands. The release was shuffled one last time, with the picture now set to open wide August 16th—in head to head competition with George Romero's *DAY OF THE DEAD*—positioned to benefit from extra business from the youth market during summer's prime playing time.

When the project was brought by producer Tom Fox to Hemdale and Orion, Graham Henderson was chosen as line producer—to put together a cast and crew and oversee the day-to-day problems of getting the \$3 million film made. Around this time, Tobe Hooper dropped out as director, and according to Henderson, "O'Bannon was asked to do it as a sort of natural replacement because he had written the script and because he was dying to do a horror picture—dying to do *any* picture as a director. And Hemdale, to its credit, is one of the few companies willing to take chances on first-

time directors."

Once given the chance to direct, O'Bannon had to face the problem of visualizing his rather ambitious script. To assist him, he chose William Stout, an artist best known for his work on *CONAN THE DESTROYER*, although his other credits include everything from books to t-shirts to magazines to record covers. Stout was chosen to be production designer on the strength of his *CONAN* work, and also because O'Bannon "loved his dinosaur book [*The Dinosaurs: A Fantastic New View of a Lost Era*, Bantam Books, 1981]."

Stout's atmospheric set designs were built in a warehouse in Burbank. A cemetery in Sylmar was selected for limited location shooting. Preproduction work began in May 1984 with principal photography commencing in July.

UNEEDA MEDICAL SUPPLY—You need it—we got it

A company called Applied Entertainment was selected to build the sets as well as create several mechanical effects, including an animatronic half-corps. "They didn't have any film experience," said Stout. "They had done theme parks and Chuck E. Cheese Restaurants. So they started to hit us with bids that seemed awful high until we realized they were building things to last twenty years."

When it became apparent that Applied Entertainment was not geared to the time frame that films demand, some of the animatronics was handed over to the makeup

closeup insert shots filmed in post-production. Munns' head featured only jaw movement. Right: Tarman in his cannister, prior to melting, makeup by Munns. Workers at the Uneeda Medical Supply warehouse open the drum containing Tarman and release a gas that revives the dead.



THE RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD

DAN O'BANNON ON DIRECTING

In his directorial debut the screenwriter of BLUE THUNDER and ALIEN establishes himself as a genre talent to be reckoned with.

By Alan Jones

Zombies are back in force this year. George Romero's *DAY OF THE DEAD* is in release. Sam Raimi's *EVIL DEAD II* is in pre-production for a summer start. Lucio Fulci is still, doubtless, trying to make *ZOMBIE 3-D*. Tobe Hooper's *LIFEFORCE*, currently unspooling, is a vampire tale but full of Romero-like zombies. And even Disney's new cartoon feature *THE BLACK CAULDRON* sports an animated Living Dead sequence thanks to artist Mike Ploog.

But these films will have stiff competition indeed from Dan O'Bannon's *RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD*, a sly homage to E.C. comics and Romero's watershed *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* that is both funny and horrific in wildly lunatic proportions. Not only does *RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD* bring a much needed relish and refreshing slant to Zombie mythology, it also reveals Dan O'Bannon—in his directing debut—as a talent to be reckoned with.

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD concerns the happenings at the Unecda Medical Supply warehouse in Louisville Kentucky. A cannister containing a victim from a military cover-up operation which occurred in Pittsburgh in the mid-sixties breaks open releasing a gas into the atmosphere. The effect this gas has on the solitary cadaver in the freezer is startling. It literally won't stay dead even when hacked to pieces.

Workers at Unecda, including actors Clu Gulager and James Karen, decide to cremate the still writhing body parts at the local mortuary. But, smoke from the morgue combines with a rain-storm and the deadly residue settles on the neighboring cemetery where a punk party is in full swing. Thrills, shocks, gore and humor dovetail perfectly in the ensuing fight for survival that heads toward a tongue-in-cheek climax. *RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD* is one of the best rollercoaster rides to be had in a while.



Director Dan O'Bannon (right) rehearses actor James Karen as Frank.

Originally *RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD* was to be directed by Tobe Hooper but he dropped out when the production faced financial difficulties, making *LIFEFORCE* (*SPACE VAMPIRES*) for Cannon instead. Dan O'Bannon explained it this way, "The rights to John Russo's book had been purchased by Tom Fox, a Chicago stockbroker, in the late seventies and Hooper asked me to script it. This was just at the time of the first Writer's Guild strike and we were all beginning to work after a long lull. This was the first thing that came along and I was short of cash. I did it although I wasn't that keen really.

"I scripted it more or less the way Hooper wanted it. He came up with some cute ideas, and I did too,

but it was mainly geared toward his tastes. Then the backers, Hemdale, began having money problems because they were raising the cash on foreign distributor sales, using those promissory notes at the bank. And it was taking ages. So Hooper took *SPACE VAMPIRES* and asked me to script that.

"Then totally out of the blue Tom Fox asked me to direct *RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD*. His offer came as a great surprise and to this day it is still a mystery to me why he asked. But as soon as he asked, I said yes, the basis being it would get me that all-important first credit as director."

Further delays occurred too when George Romero got wind of the project and decided to see if the

producers did in fact have the right to use what he considered a blatant infringement of his copyright. "No one," said O'Bannon, "either Hemdale, Orion, or the other distributors wanted the movie unless it had the title *RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD*. That was considered the most exploitable element. So we had to wait while it was arbitrated at the M.P.A.A. It was finally decided that Hemdale and Tom Fox could use *LIVING DEAD* while Romero could have *DEAD*."

"I must say I was rather surprised that Romero got as upset as he did, in a way. Imitation is, after all, the sincerest form of flattery. *AIRWOLF* certainly didn't raise my blood pressure and neither does the thought of *ALIEN II*."

Because Romero was in such an agitated frame of mind, O'Bannon decided to change a few of the details contained in his original script when he opted for the directing chores. "I didn't want to be the cause of any possible defamation," said O'Bannon. "I wanted to boldly address the issue of where the film was coming from in the reference to *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* at the beginning of the picture. I say that the events took place 14 years ago which of course isn't accurate.

"I knew audiences walking into the cinema would want to know what the connection was between the two films. I wanted to get it out of the way and give them a good initial laugh. If I hadn't done that I would have been in serious trouble with the people who would figure I had just ripped-off Romero, or would try and place it somewhere in his trilogy. The whole point of changing script details was to say to the audience, 'Hey look guys, don't take this seriously.'"

Although John Russo was disappointed that O'Bannon rewrote his original script, jazzing it up, inventing new characters, adding punk references and making it more contemporary, O'Bannon himself is very pleased with the humorous approach to the project.

"I just couldn't visualize a

straight horror movie at this juncture in history," he explained. "I didn't think the public would be interested and I myself was not prepared to enter the frame of mind you need to be in to do serious horror.

"Stephen King seems to churn-out these stories without any seeming effect on his frame of mind. But if I'm working on something like that, I tend to become suffused with the general outlook of the piece. When you are making a movie you live with it for a very long time. I certainly learned that on ALIEN! For a long time after being involved with that movie I dreamt dark, gloomy, Alien-inspired nightmares. I didn't want that to happen again.

"Also the public seemed to be fed up with straight horror. I wanted RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD to do well in the marketplace and I considered it very myopic to assume that the horror trend of the past few years would last. When I was scripting the film, intense reaction seemed to be on the wane."

As for the redefinition of zombie mythology that greets us in the film, O'Bannon had this to say, "I wanted to be as original as I could to the extent that you can, given the subject matter. And again, of course, there was the Romero factor. The zombies in RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD are very smart. They move fast. They speak and hold conversations. When you give an audience what they are least expecting you get more alertness. So I wanted to invest more originality in something vaguely doomed from the start. No producer in Hollywood seems to believe this, but freshness and difference are really what wakes up an audience."

According to O'Bannon, directing for the first time caused no problem; it was the general circumstances of RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD that proved problematic. "There was just not enough time or money," he said, "and faithless producers didn't help matters either. The actual directing process I found easy apart from not getting enough sleep.

"The picture took 6 weeks to shoot and I instantly edited it in 6 weeks also. This was last summer. I find it ironic that my editing time was cut down to nothing to secure a November '84 release and after working like a demon, the film still hasn't been shown and a planned schedule still hasn't been decided on [as of March '85].

"The moral of this story is never trust anything a producer tells you! I had to hire two additional

DAN O'BANNON ON DIRECTING

"RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD is the last \$50 million anybody is going to make off me. 'Cast not thy pearls before swine,' it says in the Bible. I had to do it, to get the chance to direct. But that will all change now."



O'Bannon demonstrates the zombie bite for Linnea Quigley as Trash, in makeup by William Munns which included a Barbie doll appliance to avoid an X-rating.

editors to ease the workload and one of them suggested I use slow-motion for certain sequences that I admit I hadn't shot very interestingly. And it worked, the flatly photographed scenes became peak ones—buzz moments so to speak."

While filming RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, O'Bannon was quoted as saying that he didn't intend to dwell on wounds like most of the other entries in the Living Dead genre. Well, he changed his mind. "As soon as we wrapped the picture and did the first cut," said O'Bannon. "I looked at it and thought, there's something missing. I realized the weak link was the lack of loathsome and disgusting close-ups of wounds. So I shot a lot of pick-up scenes.

"I had a wax dummy made of Suicide, the large punk, and we bit into that. I had another built of the dead paramedic and got a close-up of brains spilling out. Every one of those inserts came late. My original idea of doing without the gore was a nice one but I realized without those shots the film would not have played well to the target audience. Even gore-haters would have

had to admit that without those close-ups the film was lacking. So O'Bannon changed his mind. Luckily I was able to do something about it."

Another well-reported on set problem occurred when special makeup effects designer Bill Munns supposedly walked off the film halfway through production. O'Bannon told it this way. "After the way I treated him anybody would have walked off the film," he said. "I fired his ass, the useless goddam son-of-a-bitch. If I had been the producer I would have sued him for fraud.

"You may have noticed that the revived corpses in the cemetery did not get too much prominence. If I had shown too much of them you would have realized what lousy pieces of work they were. Munns delivered things, sure. But everything resembled those \$30 Halloween masks you can buy at the local toy store. They weren't prosthetics, they were head pull-overs and you could see every flaw such as gaping eyeholes. Everything he did was unquestionably pathetic and that aspect of the production was my biggest disappointment.

"A protege of Rick Baker's named Tony Gardner and my production designer, Bill Stout, did most of the work. The first zombie that comes out of the cylinder was the one I went to see in Munns' workshop. Stout resculpted it and almost remade it for him as I knew how important it was to make an impact with the very first zombie encounter.

"Remember the first yellow cadaver that comes alive in the freezer? You'll notice there are quick cuts when he gets the axe through his head, pinning him to the floor. We had to do that to cover Munns' shoddy work. As it was, the writhing headless corpse that the cadaver becomes had to be done by somebody else. The articulated zombie [the half-corpse] whose jaws open and eyebrows move was made after Munns was discharged. As you can tell, not much of his work is left in the film. And his behavior was . . ."

Despite all the production difficulties, O'Bannon is certain he couldn't have gotten better performances from the actors even if he had tried. He has special praise too for POLTERGEIST actor James Karen who plays a Unecda night watchman suffering from living rigor mortis. "When I looked at the production schedule," said O'Bannon, "I knew I wouldn't be able to give detailed attention to things like the photography or the sound. I knew I had to stack my priorities and the top of that list were the performances. I cut down on the number of camera angles and effects I would have liked but I didn't stint any of my energy on getting the performances right.

"I'm tickled pink by the acting in the film. I did manage to secure a week of video rehearsal before we started shooting, which is unusual for most pictures even with high budgets. I rehearsed all the individual and critical scenes and I was very thorough about it because my background is theatrical. I gave the actors all the support I could, especially Linnea Quigley, the nude zombie, because it was a rough and unrewarding part for her. But she was a real trouper and I'm grateful for what she did.

"The conditions on the film were hellish as anyone on the production will tell you. But the actors never turned their backs on me and said what they were doing was unimportant. When I was scripting the film for Hooper, he read the part of Frankie the night watchman and told me that James Karen would be perfect for the part. I carried that through when I became the director. I want him in every movie I make from now on

continued on page 54

department instead. Work was begun on the sets, but about a week into production, while the crew was out on location, the company went bankrupt.

"Suddenly, my god, we had nothing," said Stout. "The art department was left holding the bag, and we immediately had to hire a union crew. Applied Entertainment ended up building the cemetery gate for us and the tombstones and a few other things, but most of our construction schedule was immediately swallowed by their going bankrupt."

After surmounting the problem of getting the sets constructed, the other major difficulty encountered by the production was realizing the extensive makeup effects demanded by the script. "There's no question it was an ambitious assignment," said William Munns, who was originally contracted to do the makeup. "They had stunts described where they were killing zombies right, left, and center—running them down with cars, blowing them up, blowing them in half with shotguns."

Munns did not finish the film's makeup; however, he left not because he felt unable to complete the work (actually, most of the work *had* been completed by the time of his departure), but because he and O'Bannon eventually reached a point where they no longer cared to work together, "and when it gets that way, you know the director's not the one to leave the show."

Although those interviewed refrained from mentioning specifics, most implied that O'Bannon felt that Munns' work was not as good as it should have been. However, to be fair to Munns, it appears that he was not contracted to provide top-notch work—he was expected to do an adequate

THE FIRST CORPSE
to arise in the cemetery was a mechanical effect devised by Bill Munns, shot at night using water towers for rain.
Inset: During rehearsal.



job within a limited time and budget.

Said Graham Henderson, "We didn't have a budget like GREYSTOKE or LEGEND, where you can afford to pay millions of dollars for prosthetics. We wanted the prosthetics to look fairly good, but they were never going to be, to use O'Bannon's term, 'Rick Baker.' So we knew going in that we weren't going to get the best, but we were going to get something that was practical and that we could get good use out of during the production."

In October 1983, Munns was called by Henderson, who had worked with him on SAVAGE

HARVEST. Munns met with O'Bannon and found out what he was supposed to provide for the film: forty zombie-extras, a punk rock girl who is engulfed by zombies and later rises up as one of them, a jaundiced corpse which comes to life and is decapitated, the tar-man, and several scenes wherein humans have their brains devoured by ravenous corpses.

The look of the corpses was designed by Stout, who keeps the mummified head of a Peruvian Indian, about 700 years old, in his home. "It's interesting to see what time does to you," he said offhandedly of the artifact. Stout and O'Bannon decided to avoid any similarity to Romero's DAWN OF THE DEAD. "We weren't interested in showing the gore that's become his trademark," said Stout.

"[The issue of DAWN OF THE DEAD] came up so often it almost got to be kind of boring," said Munns. "Originally my assistant Bob Bliss and I had done a lot of paint tests on about a half-dozen heads. Immediately those heavy in purple, blue, and colorations suggesting severe bruises were vetoed by O'Bannon because he thought they looked like the stuff used in Romero's films."

Stout designed the look of the corpses based on the Guanojuato mummies of Mexico. Additional corpse designs were culled from different periods—Civil War, World War I and II, Southern Belles, including some inspired by the old E. C. horror comics (see page

25) as drawn by Jack Davis and Graham Ingels. Many of the designs failed to reach the screen, for a variety of reasons. Lamented Stout, "I wish I'd been given the means to do all of these guys properly—I grew quite fond of them."

"Are you telling us we're dead?"

"That may be overstating the case, but we ought definitely get you to a hospital."

The first two of the film's six weeks of principal photography were spent on exterior locations in an olive grove and cemetery, filming scenes which featured the largest number of corpses. The zombie extras were supplied with prefabricated masks by Munns' makeup team, a technique also attempted on Romero's latest, DAY OF THE DEAD, where it also didn't work.

"The essence of a zombie's face is the fact that there is less flesh than on a normal person," said Munns. "Whenever you try to make a mask like that and then put it on a normal person with a normal nose, it's very difficult to get a good fit. Some of them just didn't fit as well as we would have liked, and we didn't have the time to treat every extra as if they were a princi-

Makeup artist Tony Gardner and his half-corpsed pose with actor Don Calfa, stand-in Leslee Bremer and producer Tom Fox, who bought rights to use the film's title from John Russo, Russell Streiner and Rudy Ricci, George Romero's original partners.





Bill Stout's storyboards of Trash rising from the dead: #6—lightning flashes; #7—Trash lowers her hands; #8—she turns her eyes skyward; #9—lightning flashes; she screams.

pal and custom fit them.” O'Bannon requested that some of the extras not have masks, because he liked the way their faces actually looked. Munns tried to match the color scheme of Stout's Mexican mummy design concept, but couldn't. “The color scheme for all of them was yellows and browns, nothing else. I was set up with a half-ton of yellow and brown in every combination you can think of. But, you can't put yellow and brown on a normal person's face and make them look dead; almost inevitably you have to go to grays with purple accents. So we did a couple of these with what little makeup we had in our kit. We added a lot of black under the eyes, dark color on the lips—to make them look as unsightly as possible.”

According to Munns, O'Bannon liked the result and requested more. “The next day we were doing almost half and half, masks and makeup. Naturally we were thoroughly unprepared for the shift in coloration—when you're suddenly doing twenty to thirty extras that way, that's consuming an awesome amount of makeup, which we didn't have. It's difficult to even get it, because the local makeup suppliers don't stock that much.”

While scrambling to meet O'Bannon's request, Munns was faced with the additional problem of trying to turn stunt men into zombies. “As opposed to some of

these extras, who were in their late fifties, early sixties, the stunt men were in their thirties, in their prime, so even with gray and purple on their face they didn't look that bad. Our solution for that was to put a lot of latex and tissue on their faces to make the skin look dried and parched.”

“O'Bannon liked that and wanted us to do more of it. We ended up using a lot of acrylic paint, because that's about the only thing you can buy in bulk to create all the colorations. It also requires more time—it takes about ten minutes to put a mask on a person and they're out of the chair, fifteen or twenty to paint them up purple and gray, but as

soon as we started doing latex-tissue, one makeup artist is on one person for at least an hour, maybe more.

“Our crew was going crazy, working every second just to get ready to shoot. Everything about the mummies of Guanajuato basically disappeared. Each day it just kind of shifted. One day we're doing a bunch of latex-tissue, but that takes too much time, so the next day we go back to the masks; then the masks don't quite fit the way they want, so we shift over to making everybody purple and gray. This naturally put a lot of stress not only on myself but on all of my crew—I had six people assisting when we were running

forty zombies.”

Another production concept which got lost in the shuffle was the destruction of many of the zombies. Originally, Munns had constructed breakable corpse bodies of light polyurethane in separate sections: torso, legs, and so on, which could be blown-up or run over by cars. One of the scripted gags called for a cop to get an armlock on a zombie and rip his head off. The prefabricated masks to be used on the extras were to be switched to the dummies to provide a perfect match. Once O'Bannon shifted to regular makeup, whether it was paint or latex, there was no easy way to substitute the dummy bodies, so that idea fell by the wayside.

Ultimately, the mass-produced zombies failed to impress O'Bannon, whose growing dissatisfaction would eventually lead to Munns' dismissal from the film. Interestingly enough, however, it was Munns himself who expressed the greatest disappointment.

“Most of the zombie stuff could have been a lot better,” he said. “When you're dealing with volume and time constraints and you're limited in your crew, inevitably there's a lot of compromise. I presume that just about anybody doing this sort of film sooner or later feels a little bit of a disappointment only because you can't mass produce a volume of makeups with the same quality as you can do on a single one. A lot of stuff

Production designer William Stout (left) and co-producer Graham Henderson (right).



you look at and think, "Well, this is definitely not my best work, but this is the best that could be done under the circumstances."

"Do you want to party?" —First Corpse

One of the effects which did work out as planned is called the "first corpse"—something of a misnomer, because it is not the first corpse to come to life but the first corpse to rise from the cemetery. Originally contracted to Applied Entertainment, the assignment was handed to Munns after Applied went bankrupt.

"The skeleton's actually in a box, two-by-two-by-four," said Munns. "We dug a hole and dropped the box into the ground, then covered it with artificial grass. First the hands come up—each one's on a cabled wheel—and then the head, bent over, pushes up the ground. The corpse is hunched over as it rises, and then straightens up, lifts its head, opens its mouth, its eyes, and screams. We had five different animation elements: hands, body, head, eyes, jaw.

"Myself and four crew people worked this, and it was raining like hell—they had all of the water towers on us while we were just off camera pulling all of our cables. That one I'm pleased with—that's one that worked out very very well. Originally he's supposed to just scream; I've been told they've changed it so that he comes rising out of the ground and screams, 'Do you want to party?'"

One of the more unusual makeup assignments involved a punk rock character named "Trash" (originally called "Legs," after the leg-warmers which are just about the only thing she wears throughout most of the film), played by Linnea Quigley. She is surrounded by a group of zombies and presumably killed but later the camera returns to the cemetery to show her hideously transformed into one of the zombies.

Munns provided Quigley's punk makeup, topped by a flaming red wig, as well as her ghoulish full-body makeup which consisted of several appliance pieces and a chalky, crumbling, solid white coating.

"We also had to do something else that was real strange," said Munns. "The director expressed a preference that she have no body hair—that she be shaved—so they asked me to make-up a small appliance for her that basically made her look like a Barbie doll. We had to take a mold of her pubic area, fashion a very fine latex



The half-corpse pleads with Ernie (Don Calfa) for "More brains."

Ernie has to restrain Spider (Miguel Nunez), who wants to sledgehammer the zombie.

Right: The creator of the half-corpse, young makeup artist Tony Gardner, surrounded by the foam skin (left) which fits over the mechanical skull, a stunt head, already bloodied, used again when the corpse is thrashing on the table, and the mechanical torso during final assembly. Limbs are fiberglass with durable latex skin, industrial foam musculature and soft foam latex joints.





One of the appliance makeups on ghoulish extras, supervised by Kenny Myers, used to film insert shots during post-production. The design is by Rob Cantrell, a gifted young makeup artist on Myers' crew who died in March, shortly after the filming.

appliance, which was almost like a mini-bikini, glued right across her lower abdomen and folded under her legs to come up to the middle of her back, with just one little tab that we glued in place, putting the chalk-white makeup over the whole thing.

"For all we put the girl through she really deserves a round of applause. She was an absolute trouper, despite the fact that she was standing around shivering in a cold night, naked, usually wet. I really have to admire her for all the craziness she had to put up with."

Director Dan O'Bannon in a cameo role as a police officer about to get his brains eaten by Trash (Linnea Quigley). Inset: Makeup supervisor William Munns applies Quigley's elaborate makeup.



"Send more paramedics." —Radio Corpse

One of the more outrageous touches in the film is the manner in which the walking dead attack their victims: by eating their brains. As grotesque as the idea sounds, it is presented in the film as a joke. In particular, the corpses, after attacking paramedics or police, pick up the radio of their latest victims and requests more, as if ordering pizza.



To accomplish the brain-eating effect, Munns used both an appliance on the actors and some dummy heads—"basically a head emptied out like a snack bowl on your coffee table." Scenes such as these are as close as O'Bannon got to the gore of the Romero films which he and Stout were trying to avoid. According to Munns, "When the zombies were attacking people, O'Bannon requested voluminous amounts of blood."

However, most of the blood did not reach the screen. "The difficult aspect was that O'Bannon requested that they all be done in a master shot," said Munns about the gore filming. "Any effects rigging like a blood capsule or blood syringe is traditionally set up as an insert shot simply because you have the greatest amount of control over hiding the rigging, making sure that the camera sees the effect, and getting it to work right on the first take.

"O'Bannon rejected that because he said George Romero shoots a lot of his violent things close-up, as inserts. My feeling is that's giving a little too much credit to Romero. He didn't invent this style; it's actually the most reasonable way anyone making a film would approach it.

"But O'Bannon was emphatic. All the traditional ways of rigging spurting blood basically had to be thrown out the window. It was kind of a collective effort between some of the floor effects people like Bob McCarthy and a few people from the set-decorating shop who had some Hudson sprayers. They took a couple of gallons of blood and loaded it into a sprayer, pumped up the pressure and then had a hose with a big nozzle on it that would be put wherever an actor could conceal it, and then, in theory, when a zombie was biting into the skull of one of the actors he would try to hit this switch on the sprayer and there would be an eruption of blood.

"That's how they set it up. Unfortunately, almost every time they did it, the eruption occurred at an angle where the actors hid the effect. It wasn't very successful. They'd blow-off half a gallon of blood at a time, each take. Of course then they'd be cleaning up the set for thirty minutes."

"More Brains!" —The Tarman

After completing two weeks on location, the RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD crew moved to their warehouse-turned-studio in Burbank. The first week of interior shooting was taken up mostly by the film's most ambitious walking corpse, the tarman. Early in the film, he is nothing but a motionless mannequin (constructed by Munns) seen locked in a metal cannister. Things go awry, however, once the seal on the cannister is broken: a gas is released which begins to revive the specimens in the medical supply house, the tarman comes to life, and, exposed to the open air, immediately begins to melt, his flesh literally dripping off his bones as he wanders around the basement, searching for brains.

Of the various effects he designed for the film, Stout considers this one his favorite. "It's something that's never been on screen before—very different from any other corpse. The problem I had was trying to make a tarman and not have it look like a guy in a suit—and I figured out a way to do it: you make him a little larger than life-size, cover up the suit with long drips from the tar, so you have what hairdressers call a 'layered' look, and then you make sure you've got a real skinny actor inside the suit."

Allen Trautman, who plays the tarman, was cast specifically for his stature: 6' 2", 150 pounds. According to Stout, "At least fifty per cent of what made the tarman work was the actor. The guy can move as though his bones aren't connected." Munns also had high praise for Trautman's performance, "He did an excellent job. He's constantly shifting his body in such a way that it really looks like he's just about to fall apart into a pile of bones."

In order to transform Trautman into the living embodiment of Stout's drawings, Munns made a set of polyurethane bones: front and back ribcage, pelvic girdle, arms and legs. The actor was suited in black leotards, and the bones were attached. "Because he's so skinny, when the bones are on he looks like a normally proportioned person," said Munns.

THE RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD

BILL STOUT ON FILM DESIGN

A talented artist helped Dan O'Bannon realize elaborate visuals on a shoestring.

By Steve Biodrowski

William Stout worked as an illustrator on a number of films before becoming production designer on RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD (his biography claims he is at 35, "the youngest person in film history to hold his title"). Recently he completed storyboards for THE HITCHER, starring Rutger Hauer, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and C. Thomas Howell; he is currently at work as concept designer on Tobe Hooper's remake of INVADERS FROM MARS.

Stout was hired by O'Bannon in February 1984 and began visiting old graveyards as research. Stout prepared a series of illustrations to evoke the mood of the film as a guide to director of photography Jules Brenner. Set in the south, Stout used late 19th-century statuary and lots of Spanish moss to evoke the feeling of a cemetery that's monstrous and overgrown.

"I've got mushrooms growing on everything," he said. "We made hundreds of them for the picture. We also ended up renting every tombstone in Los Angeles, from every studio, all the Universal tombstones, in addition to making 300 of our own, based on my designs."

With a penchant for in-jokes, Stout inscribed the headstones with names of prominent families in Louisville (where his wife hails

from) as well as ones like Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler. The designer also appears in a cameo at the film's beginning, as a motionless derelict.

Stout also visited real crematoriums to design one for the film, and, with O'Bannon watched bodies being burned. As an aside to O'Bannon's stormy relationship with producers Walter Hill and David Giler, who rewrote O'Bannon's script for ALIEN, Stout inscribed the film's oven with a brass name plate reading: "Hill and Giler Furnace Type-A, Patented."

Stout ended up designing three interior sets for the film: the mortuary, a medical supply warehouse, and its basement. For most of the exteriors, an olive grove in Sylmar was converted into a cemetery, for which Stout designed an overhead plan to show the geography as it was supposed to appear on film. A downtown Los Angeles location was used for the exterior of the supply warehouse, and a house in Palos Verdes Peninsula for the house of a U.S. Army colonel, which appears briefly.

Stout also storyboarded some sequences of the film, to suggest staging and lighting. "I really enjoy storyboarding," he said. "It's like making movies on paper. One of the nice things about working with O'Bannon: he's got a terrific visual sense; he's a good artist in his own

Stout's concept painting set the mood for the first corpse to rise from its grave.



Stout's elaborate E.C. Comics-inspired designs of zombie extras for a cemetery sequence. The elaborate makeups proved beyond the scope of the film's budget.

right. He had a very clear picture of just how he wanted the film to look; there was no wishy-washiness. We both shared the same vision and got it on the screen."

Stout credits art director Robert Howland and assistant Clay Hartley with getting him through the film's difficult production. Despite the difficulties, Stout claims that nearly everything he visualized ultimately made it to the screen. "That amazed us, because both O'Bannon and I had dreams of what the picture should look like, but we knew we couldn't do it on that budget. But O'Bannon shot every inch of my sets.

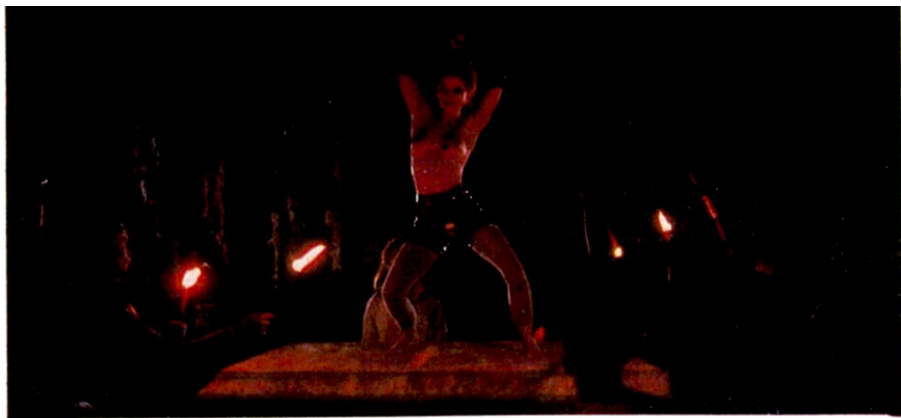
"I had one of the actors—Don Calfa, who plays Ernie the mortician—come up to me and say he was sitting in the attic crawl space and was afraid to lean back. He was afraid he was gonna get spiders on him. And then suddenly he realized, 'Wait a minute—this is a set—there's not even real dust in

here!"

Stout oversaw the final dressing of each set. "There were mornings that I'd walk on the set and look at it and say, 'Well, that's the end of my career as a production designer!' But by afternoon the dressing would come on and it would look great! Howland was an ace. He did all kinds of terrific stuff, like getting me \$6000 worth of medical supplies for \$400. All the people working with him in the art department were real hot to make the picture look good. We were working with a very limited budget, but you won't be able to tell by looking at the screen; most people that have seen the film say it looks like it cost \$10 million, which makes me real happy."

Stout has had a varied career, both in and out of films (among other things, in 1982 he climbed Mt. Kilimanjaro). Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1949, and

continued on page 57



Trash (Linnea Quigley), one of the punk rockers out for kicks at the local cemetery, does a seductive strip-tease on top of one of the tombs.

To get the effect of melting flesh, pieces of foam latex were poured onto flat sheets and allowed to drip down, then cured that way and fixed to the suit. Before each take handfuls of "Supergoo"—a methosol-water composition—were smeared all over the suit.

For the hands, a set of gloves was fashioned with molded handbones. "It was a little bit of a cheat, because you have a bone on the outside of the hand and a bone on the inside, and a helluva lot of something in between, but generally you weren't conscious of it," said Munns. "The only aspect I didn't accomplish in Stout's drawings were the puddles at the Tarman's feet, which would have been completely impractical for the actor to walk around in."

Although too busy to attend dailies during the week the tarman was filming, Munns received encourag-

ing reports from the cameraman and the producer on how well the tarman photographed. "I was told over and over again that O'Bannon was pleased with this particular character," said Munns.

"What's that cadaver doing in there?"

"I don't know, but it sounds mad!"

As filming progressed into the fourth week, the tarman sequences were finished up, and the production turned to the scenes featuring a yellow corpse, which is the first one reanimated by the gas escaping from the tarman cannister. It was during

filming of this sequence that Munns was asked to leave. As producer Graham Henderson explained it, O'Bannon was never really happy with Munns once he started. Munns managed to do some things adequately and some things badly, unfortunately. O'Bannon has a thing—when he gets a bee in his bonnet about people, the rift gets bigger and bigger. Essentially what happened is that Munns and his crew became alienated by O'Bannon, or vice-versa, whichever way you want to look at it." Henderson stepped in and asked Munns to leave.

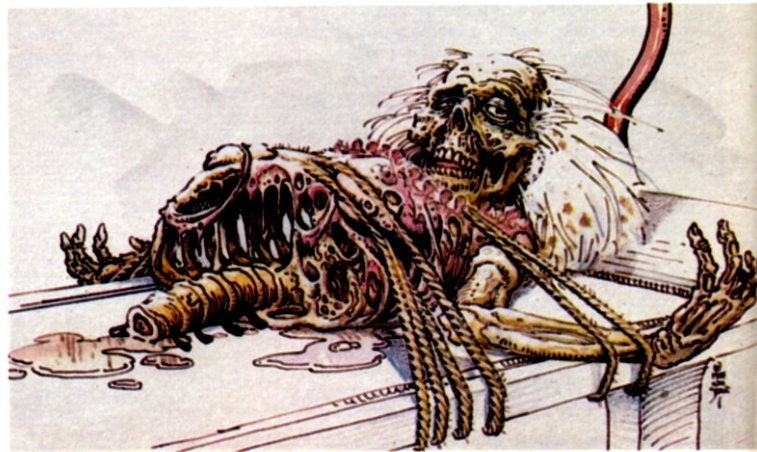
Munns apparently wasn't sorry to go. "As soon as I became aware that O'Bannon wanted somebody else on the show I agreed with Henderson that I would just as soon leave."

Both sides preferred not to air specific grievances, but it seems clear that O'Bannon was unhappy with

Munns' approach to the yellow corpse sequence, among other things. In the scene, the corpse is pinned to the floor with a pickax and then decapitated, but the headless body continues to run amok.

Whatever the reasons for his dismissal, Munns sat down with Henderson to work out the details of a smooth transition. Production manager Michael Bennet started interviewing makeup artists, and Kenny Myers was brought in as a possible replacement. Munns, who had met Myers several times before, explained item by item what effects were left to be done; however, by the end of the day, Munns still didn't know whether Myers had accepted the job, and so Munns was requested to come in the next morning and prepare the yellow corpses, head and headless versions, one more time. By that time, Myers had started moving

Designs by William Stout for two key sequences: the first corpse to arise from the cemetery (left), built by Bill Munns, and the half-corpse (right), realized by Tony Gardner.



in his equipment, and Munns' connection with the film was terminated.

Kenny Myers walked into a difficult situation. His initial reaction was to turn the offer down, "but then I realized they were really up against a wall," he said. Myers changed his mind under the condition that he be given free reign to put together a makeup crew which he felt would be capable of doing the job properly. Henderson agreed, and Myers was hired. He brought in Craig Caton, Larry Odien, Tony Rupprecht, Michael Spatola, and Doug White to help.

Although the major remaining effect to be completed was the yellow corpse, Myers actually ended up making a far larger contribution to the film. The film was being edited as it was being shot, in the hopes of making an October (Halloween) release, and Bill Stout was working very closely with the editor to determine what pick-up and insert shots were needed to improve the film. Many of these pick-ups involved reshooting things which had been done by Munns.

Stout (who thought that Munns had done a "decent job on tarman") had enthusiastic praise for Myers. "He did a fabulous job. Myer took a lot of what Munns had started and improved it greatly, including the tarman. He took Munns' tarman head and put all kinds of mechanics in it to get a lot more expression. He did a lot of amazing things under tremendous pressure and with no money, and he went far beyond what he was required to do. He was working many twenty-four-hour days and weekends. He's one of the few guys that worked harder than I did."

A small cemetery set was built for the purpose of shooting close-up inserts of individual ghouls supplied by Myers' crew, which were edited into the Munns footage. "Myers built proper latex makeups to punctuate the sequence with better-looking corpses that we didn't have originally," said producer Graham Henderson. "It was only a question of very small bits and pieces, which we went over-budget on to pay Myers. No one, other than those in the makeup business, will notice the difference."

Myers himself claims that his most rewarding contribution to the film was being able to take over in the midst of production and keep everyone happy: O'Bannon, who wanted the best effects possible, and the producers, who wanted to avoid a costly delay. "There was a lot of tension about the takeover. Catching up was difficult. I must have lost ten pounds running back and forth down the corridors—one day we had three units shooting simultaneously—and I was having daily if not hourly meetings with O'Bannon."

As far as who deserves credit for the individual makeup assignments as they appear in the final cut, Myers said, "There's no way to give specific credits. I insisted Bill Munns' name

be retained, because I had no control over the look of the effects—everything had to match his work." Myers wouldn't estimate what percentage of the work is his, saying only that "Munns' work remains mostly in wide-shots, with few or no close-ups."

According to Myers, most of Munns' yellow corpse was thrown out, except for a brief shot of the headless version being tackled. Myers replaced it with a large puppet, sculpted from the waist up, which was worn over the head of a child. Munns' mechanical head remains in the shots of it impaled to the floor with a pickax, but Myers did the makeup of the head being sawed off, as well as the moving limbs when the corpse is dismembered and a false chest of a body being embalmed, seen when the characters take the still-moving limbs to the crematorium. This sequence is one completed almost entirely by Myers.

Besides rebuilding the tarman head, staying as close as possible to Munns' work while mechanizing it for close-ups, Myers also did the initial shot of the tarman melting in his cannister. Munns had provided a head for this effect, one that would melt in sulphuric acid, but Myers couldn't get it to work. The shot was put off until post-production when Myers came up with a layered wax head which he melted with heat guns—a process which is speeded up on screen as it took ten minutes to achieve in real time.

On two occasions, Myers provided generic ghouls for close-up work (time limitations prevented using the ghouls designed by Stout), but "O'Bannon didn't shoot many close-ups. One night I had fifteen makeup men doing ghouls and none of them were shot in close-ups."

Like Munns, Myers attempted to film gore effects in master shots, but the result did not work as well as it should have. "O'Bannon used a lot of blood," he said. "There was blood on the floor of one set for weeks afterward."

Myers also did one pick-up shot of brains being ripped out—an effect which did not please him because *real* cow brains were used. Myers merely set up the effect and left his assistant to handle it during filming. "There's no reason *ever* to use real flesh on screen," said Myers flatly. "I heard they had someone who actually bit into the stuff."

"Darling, I love you—you've got to let me eat your brains."—Freddie

When Kenny Myers came onto the film, there were three major effects remaining to be shot: the yellow corpse, the half-corpse, and the split dog. The latter two, along with the first corpse, had originally been contracted to Applied Entertain-



Burt (Clu Gulager) gets attacked by the Yellow Man (Terrence M. Houlihan) at the Uneeda Medical Supply Warehouse. The man is the first corpse to be revived by a gas leaking from a mysterious cannister stored at the warehouse. Inset: Houlihan poses with a headless version, makeups provided by William Munns.



ment and were never intended to be completed by Munns. The half-corpse and the split dog were handed over to Tony Gardner, who had come to O'Bannon's attention in an interesting way . . .

"Actually I got the job by doing teeth as a favor for a friend of mine, Brian Peck, who played one of the punk rockers," said Gardner. "He's an all-American preppy guy—straight teeth. His character's name is 'Seuz'—he's not supposed to be too pleasant-looking. So I made him these crooked teeth for his costume test, and O'Bannon freaked out—he wanted to know who this dentist-friend was. I got to meet O'Bannon and show him some of my work, and when time got tight later on he contacted me about doing the other things."

Gardner was just twenty years old at the time. Born in Ohio, he had come to California to attend film school at the University of Southern California. However, after a year of working toward completing his general education requirements, he

decided to spend the summer working on makeup, and by the end of the summer he had been hired by Rick Baker (his first assignment with Baker was *THRILLER*—he appears as the zombie whose arm falls off, a character he made himself from stock pieces in the shop).

O'Bannon offered Gardner the assignment of fabricating the half-corpse, one of the film's most ambitious effects. When Gardner met with Henderson one night to discuss the work he found that to get the job he would first have to come up with something for the split-dog, which was to be filmed within the week. The effect called for a veterinary exhibit of a dog, split in half and mounted on a pipe through the abdomen, to come to life.



Spider (Miguel Nunez) and Trash (Linnea Quigley) on the film's elaborate cemetery set. The crying angel was sculpted by Leo Rijn. Inset: Production designer Bill Stout's concept for the set.

Gardner was given six days to come up with the effect. At the time, he was working for Greg Cannom on the makeups for COCOON, putting in a full day, and had to work on the split dog after hours. "It's nothing to be proud of," he said. "It was cranked out really quick. They wanted a nice big Labrador flopping all over the place, puppeteered through a hole in the floor. They got a little terrier on a spike that kind of moves a little bit. It looks like somebody split Toto in half."

Gardner moved on to the half-corpse, and this time was given two weeks to prepare. Originally a full corpse, the female zombie attacks one of the characters through a window and while leaning through is cut in half when she is hit in the spinal cord with an ax. The human characters then strap her to an embalming table, and she begins to tell them what it's like to be dead and brought back to life. Bill Stout intentionally designed the effect so that it would be difficult for audiences to figure out, since they can see inside the rib cage and underneath the table.

Gardner: "I sculpted two different faces. One was a painful expression, screaming, and the other was doped up. It kills my friend, the one I made the teeth for—eats his brains—and it's like a heroin fix—it makes her feel better, so she had to look like she's on drugs."

Gardner built the full corpse as a poseable figure, with a separate body for the half-corpse, fully mechanized. He was assisted by Scott Ressler, who cast the skins and

helped put the body together, and by Bill Sturgeon, who worked for Rick Baker on AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON, who did a lot of the mechanics for the hands.

"They asked me to be on the set two days before they actually ended up shooting the half-corpse," said Gardner. "If I had used those two days, we could have done a lot more with it mechanically—we were trying to install an eye-blink mechanism fifteen minutes before we had to leave to make it to the set by our call time. For the time I had, I was really pleased with the results."

The effect took a crew of five to operate. Gardner puppeteered the head and eyes through a hole in the

table, which was difficult because he couldn't see where it was supposed to be looking. Bill Stout operated the spine, which drips spinal fluid from a syringe connected through the body. "It was a pretty crowded scene," he said. "You can see under the table, and there's nothing there—the operators are right out of frame in every shot. We did that on purpose so that the audience will say 'Wait a minute—how'd they do that?'"

In the script the corpse is supposed to have a shredded nightgown on. Gardner took it off to fix something during filming and O'Bannon got to see the puppet underneath. "O'Bannon saw that it had tits and said 'Oh, this is great—we have to show this!'" said Gardner. "So she ended up nude on the table. It looks ok, but I didn't really put any time into the figure. The puppet's eyes are bright blue. That was O'Bannon's only real concern as far as the differentiation between fantasy and realism—he wanted bright blue eyes and a pink tongue. He wanted it to be a little surrealistic-looking. The pink tongue I just couldn't see her having in that state of decay, so I stained it up a bit, and he didn't mind. You don't even see it in the film."

**"This is K-MAX
Slash-and-Gash
Radio and you
have just heard
'Shit On My Face'
by the Turds."**

With the completion of the half-corpse and an additional week of pick-ups for Kenny Myers' work, the film moved into post-production in early September. Several editors were brought in to work with O'Bannon in a rush to finish the film for Halloween release in early November.

But when O'Bannon finished his cut, Graham Henderson, Tom Fox,

and the other producers were not satisfied with the results, and the early release date was scrapped.

"We rushed through editing and then found out we didn't have what we wanted," said Henderson. "What happened was that O'Bannon wrote a very funny script right up to the film's midway point, and from there on he went for a serious horror film. It was so sudden a change it really didn't work. The horror part wasn't as good as it could have been. We decided to make the whole thing more comedic, not a 'horror' film but a horror film with its tongue-in-cheek."

According to Henderson, O'Bannon was happy to go along with the re-editing: "It wasn't really drastic. A lot of it was discussion between himself and the producers more than taking the picture away and doing things without his knowledge." Henderson claimed most of the film's original music score was replaced by a rock score, "which O'Bannon wasn't keen on." O'Bannon's script specifically called for punk rock music over the titles and source music from a radio one of the characters is carrying.

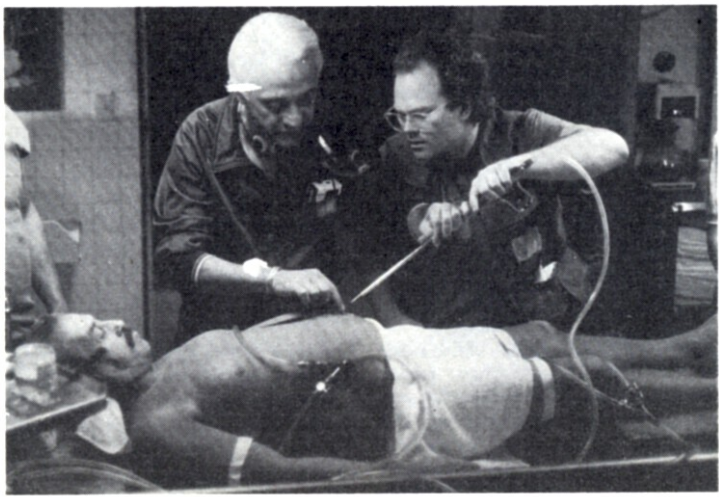
By all accounts, the film was always poised between comedy and horror. O'Bannon's screenplay is one outrageous situation after another which grows increasingly hysterical: for instance, Frank and Freddie, two characters exposed to the gas from the tarman cannister early in the film, later find out, much to their surprise, that they're dead, and as Freddie continues to grow worse, he begins to try to convince his girlfriend to satisfy his dawning craving for live brains. Myers said that during filming he would have liked more clarification on the film's direction because "the script read like a comedy but I got the feeling we were filming a drama."

Henderson stated that most of the re-editing simply involved moving shots around, especially reaction shots of the various characters, to leave laughs at the end of scenes.

Specific changes involved the first corpse, whose appearance is now underlined by a song with the lyric "Do you want to party?" and the half-corpse, which had some additional lines dubbed in, moaning for more brains as it thrashes around in a kind of withdrawal symptom. "It's now so bizarre it's funny," said Gardner.

Everyone seems pleased with the final results, even O'Bannon. Said Henderson, "I'm sure he has reservations about certain things, but the reaction O'Bannon got from screening the picture was extremely encouraging. Now that I've seen it for the first time with a big audience, I realize it has a lot more going for it than I thought originally, as far as comedic value. In fact, some laughs we knew we were going to get, we lost because the audience was still laughing at something earlier that we didn't realize was funny." □

Makeup artist Kenny Myers (right) rehearses an effect for an embalming sequence with Don Calla, as mortician Ernie. Myers replaced Bill Munns during production.



THE RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD

ZOMBIE FILM RETROSPECT

Zombies have been around a long time, but it took George Romero and his NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD to catalyze the genre.

By John Thonen, Jr.

While born out of Haitian legends of the dead being revived to serve voodoo priests, the zombie in film has strayed far from its origins, in fact only one zombie film even takes place in the Caribbean. The cinematic zombie need only be lacking in personality and free will, and possess only rudimentary intelligence to qualify, he need not even be dead.

The zombie has been a minor figure on the fringes of the horror pantheon for over fifty years, but it has only been in the last five years that he has come into his own. After an auspicious start with the 1932 hit *WHITE ZOMBIE*, the walking dead seemed likely to enjoy the success of his other foreign contemporaries, the *Mummy*, the *Wolfman* and so on, but followups to this Bela Lugosi starrer were increasingly less successful. *REVOLT OF THE ZOMBIES* (1943), *KING OF THE ZOMBIES* (1941), *REVENGE OF THE ZOMBIES* (1943) and even Lugosi again in *VOODOO MAN* (1944) all failed to capture the public's imagination.

In the twenty years following *WHITE ZOMBIE* only one truly good zombie film would emerge.

Low budgets kept zombies popular. They were cheap, needing no makeup or elaborate effects, not even capable acting: *TEENAGE ZOMBIES* (1957).



Traditional Voodoo-inspired zombies from *SUGAR HILL* (1974). The success of George Romero's *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* created a new style for the genre.

Val Lewton's *I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE*. Like most of Lewton's films the supernatural aspects were more implicit than explicit and, while still almost hypnotically eerie, a good case can be made that there are no zombies in the film.

The zombie quickly fell to providing minor thrills in comedies like *GHOSTBREAKERS* (1940) and *ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY* (1945), or, even worse, to providing misleading come-ons in *VALLEY OF THE ZOMBIES* (1945), and the 1952 serial *ZOMBIES OF THE STRATOSPHERE*, neither of which had any zombies to offer.

The saving grace that kept the zombie from fading away altogether was its fatal charm to the low budget filmmaker: they were cheap, requiring no fancy makeup or elaborate effects, not even capable acting. Zombies were the schlock filmmaker's dream, and it was in their films they would remain.

The overriding fear of the fifties was of science and its creations. Even conventionally supernatural monsters like vampires and werewolves were introduced from scientific backgrounds rather than otherworldly ones, and so it was with the zombie. *CREATURE*

WITH THE ATOM BRAIN (1955), *TEENAGE ZOMBIES* (1957), *THE INVISIBLE INVADERS* and the infamous *PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE* are examples. The latter two are among many that offered alien-controlled zombies ranging from the classic *INVADERS FROM MARS* (1953) to later efforts like *THE EARTH DIES SCREAMING* (1964) or *THEY CAME FROM BEYOND SPACE* (1967) and its TV movie clone *NIGHT SLAVES* (1970).

Foreign countries, who would eventually become of great significance in the zombie industry, entered the fray in the early sixties. Mexico offered everybody's favorite wrestling hero, Santo, in *INVASION OF THE ZOMBIES* while Italy offered toga-clad musclemen fighting the undead in *WAR OF THE ZOMBIES* (1963).

The first, and until now only, zombie musical appeared in 1964, in the wonderfully titled *INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED-UP ZOMBIES*. Most horror aficionados know the title but mercifully, few have seen it, even when later re-released as *TEENAGE PSYCHO MEETS BLOODY MARY*.

A lesser-known oddity is *PSYCHO A-GO-GO* (1956). This tale of a Vietnam vet being electronically forced to commit crimes got more footage added in 1971 to become *THE FIEND WITH THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN*, still more was tacked on to make it *THE MAN WITH THE SYNTHETIC BRAIN* and a still-later title change made it *THE BLOOD OF GHASTLY HORROR*.

While *VOODOO BLOOD BATH* (1967) didn't suffer quite so many title changes, it is another little-seen but well known title thanks to Jerry Gross renaming it *I EAT YOUR SKIN* in order to pair it with his own production, *I DRINK YOUR BLOOD*, in one of history's most notorious double bills (interestingly, no skin is eaten in the film).

The seminal moment for the modern zombie came in 1968 with the arrival of George Romero's *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*; but shortly before it, in 1966, the only good zombie film between Lewton and Romero passed by almost unnoticed. In the last thirty years no single studio has been of greater importance to the horror genre than England's Hammer Studios. By the mid-sixties they

continued on page 59

ZOMBIE (1979), director Lucio Fulci's illegitimate Italian follow-up to the success of George Romero's *DAWN OF THE DEAD*, called *ZOMBI* in Italy.



CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR

Daryl Hannah, the mermaid of SPLASH, turns cave girl, thanks to makeup by Michelle Burke and Michael Westmore.

by Martin Perlman

Although it will inevitably be likened to *QUEST FOR FIRE*, the production crew on *CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR* insist the new movie will be another *breed* of Neanderthal film. "They will compare 'Quest' with 'Clan' but they are very different as far as story and concept go," said makeup effects artist Michele Burke who headed the 30-member makeup crew on *QUEST FOR FIRE*. An Oscar co-winner (with colleague Sara Monzani for their work on *QUEST FOR FIRE*), Burke co-ran the makeup department for *CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR* with master makeup artist Michael Westmore (2010, *MASK*, *BLADE RUNNER*, the *ROCKY* films, et. al.).

Based on the best-selling book of the same name by Jean M. Auel (20 million copies in print worldwide), the movie portrays the day-to-day existence of a Neanderthal tribe near the end of the Ice Age. "Basically the story is about the crossover of Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon Man," said Westmore, who first worked with Burke on another Neanderthal-themed project, *ICEMAN*. "It's about the phasing out of the Neanderthal and the emergence of the Cro-Magnon. It's the end of their race: the Neanderthals can't compete with modern man."

Modern man comes to the tribe in the form of a tall, blonde Cro-Magnon archetype, Ayla (Daryl Hannah) whom the Neanderthals find as a young, abandoned girl and adopt and raise. Culled and shaped from Auel's detailed 400-page epic, the film version, according to Westmore, "is really broken down into interesting vignettes covering a period of about 15 years from the time they find little Ayla at four years old until she's about 18. Then she wanders off and that's the beginning of the sequel [*Auel's Valley of Horses*] which they'd like to do next summer."

Originally producers at Univer-



Makeup co-supervisor Michelle Burke at the foot of a Yukon glacier in the Nahani River Valley in British Columbia, where the film's ice age sequences were shot.

sal had hoped to make the books a mini-series, but the studio dropped the project. As it is, Westmore said the film's director, Mike Chapman, shot more than four hours of film which will have to be cut to feature length. When the film's independent producers over-extended themselves guarantors had to step in and save the financing. Warner Brothers has picked up the film for distribution in September.

One major aspect of the film still under discussion when *CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR* was being edited in April was language. In the novel, Auel translated Cave Talk for the readers' benefit. Director Mike Chapman is considering the use of voice-over narration, possibly by Ayla or Creb, the clan's magician. Subtitles are also a possibility, though not a favored solution. During the filming, the actors tried speaking English but it seemed out of place. Westmore said the filmmakers devised a prehistoric language, but wondered if the public would be able to understand its subtleties.

In the movie, which features sets by Tony Masters (*DUNE*) and

cinematography by Jan Debont, 35 prehistoric characters age over a period of 15 years. For Burke and Westmore that necessitated not only creating the makeup appliances, nose plugs, and wigs to convey the prehistoric look, but dealing with the graying hair, worn-down teeth, scars, wrinkles and wounds a wandering tribe would endure.

The film's characters are positively modern compared to their ancestors in *QUEST FOR FIRE*, which was set 80,000 years ago. Even John Lone who played *ICEMAN* was a venerable 40,000 years old. At only circa 20,000 years ago, the cave bear clan needed to be distinguished from the predecessors of the other two films. "It's a more toned-down version of the Neanderthal," said Burke, although the basic design elements she used in *QUEST FOR FIRE* were applied here.

Although plenty of unknowns limit a full understanding of our prehistoric ancestors, Westmore pointed out that there's a surprising amount of information becoming available about the heretofore hazy period when Neanderthal

and Cro-Magnon cultures overlapped. This includes new proof that they did indeed coexist for longer periods than anthropologists previously believed. The new information, noted Westmore, was used to make the film "as authentic as possible."

One of the technical advisors, Deborah Kramer from New York, had a background in anthropology. Westmore used her materials, including a reproduction of a Neanderthal skull, to fabricate realistically flattened and worn dentures for the actors whose modern bites were too straight for prehistoric standards.

Working with only one tribe (as compared to four in *QUEST FOR FIRE*) Burke and Westmore aimed for a unified tribal look but with individualized characters. Makeups included Iza (Pamela Reed), the group's chief medicine woman, Creb, the *mog-ur* or magician (James Remar), and tribal storyteller Zoug (mime Tony Montanaro), whose great bald dome-piece was the pride of the makeup crew. Designed by Westmore using a technique he developed for Keir Dullea's aging in 2010, Zoug's latex head appliance (the head, forehead, and back of the neck) is constructed in one large wrap-around seamless mold. Mike Mills sculpted the piece which was made in a silicon mold. It fits over the head like a bathing cap.

In the quest for verisimilitude, or at the least, striking backgrounds to illustrate Europe at the end of the Ice Age, the cast and crew, including the makeup department, journeyed north. The film was shot in Canada, half on sets in Vancouver, the rest in the wilds of northern Canada, including Tungsten, in the Nahani River Valley, Yukon, where the crew and cast camped for a week in tents parked right at the edge of a glacier.

With waves of actors coming in to makeup from early to mid-

continued on page 58



Above: Neanderthals living next to a glacier receding from the ice age face extinction with the rise of Cro-Magnon Man in the film based on Jean M. Auel's best-seller.



Left: Daryl Hannah as Ayla, a Cro-Magnon girl found and raised by a tribe of Neanderthals with damaging results for the tribe's culture and survival. Hannah was made-up for the role by makeup co-supervisor Michelle Burke who worked with makeup expert Michael Westmore in devising the film's prehistoric character look. Ayla's garb is the work of head costume designer Kelly Kimball, who worked as an assistant designer on RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK.

Saga Time at the Ol' Bijou

STAR WARS GETS SCREENED AS A TRILOGY FOR THE FIRST TIME

A REPORT FOR THOSE WHO DIDN'T WANT TO STAND IN LINE

by Allen Malmquist

This event first dawned in the movie note columns of various papers. Soon, the official fan club sent out a notification of dates and times. And then the newspaper ads. A few plain-faced ones, probably unnecessary anyway.

March 28, 1985: In nine theatres across the country Lucasfilm showed, for the "first time in America," A NEW HOPE, THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK, and RETURN OF THE JEDI: The STAR WARS Trilogy. The showing, to tub-thump the re-release of RETURN OF THE JEDI, was a benefit for the Corporation of Public Broadcasting. I went . . .

Spring in San Francisco is cold. It's 7:50 a.m. I was planning to arrive later, but the radio announced last night that people had indeed camped out. Line-waiting scuttlebutt suggested the number at anywhere from fifty to a hundred. But by this time the line,

sliding back from the *Coronet* theatre, past restaurants and stores, about the gas station, and up into the residential district, had grown considerably. Did I mention it rained last night?

The box office opened promptly at 8:00 and the line moved rather rapidly. A random survey of departing ticket holders revealed that most bought only one or two. And so the 7:50 a.m. arrival claimed 978 tickets. Theatre capacity: 1252. Undoubtedly, people were turned away . . . Got a free button, *The Star Wars Trilogy*; definitely a souvenir, for it has absolutely no intrinsic aesthetic value. But that comes later.

8:15 a.m. It's still cold. Many ticket buyers left to come back later; many stayed in line to claim good seats for the 4:00 show. I stayed . . . With the common bond of fandom, and the common foe of chill, "friendly acquaintanceship" became a mainstay. People talked, journeyed out for food, listened to

the exaggerated reports on the radio, and waved at TV cameras.

By the way, adulthood reigned. A few kids played hookey, and more showed up later to claim tickets bought by friends, but by and large the crowd could reconvene in a bar. So much for the ol' teen-oriented Space Opera theory. And a surprising amount of quality reading went on in line. So much for the ol' Base and Mindless theory.

Let in at 2:00; time passed. Fifteen minutes to showtime, the place began to get somewhere between antsy and rowdy; then a lone voice shouted "A Jedi learns patience."

A man in a Yoda cap proudly displayed a copy of this afternoon's *Examiner*, with his picture upon page one . . . right under the headline "MX Clears the First Hurdle." Reagan takes a different interpretation of the Jedi philosophy, stating "The force is with us," in relationship to his so-designated

"Star Wars" defense plan. Complex social forces, and not mere coincidence, must account for the rise of blast-the-bad-guys space opera cinema simultaneous with the election of a cowboy-image conservative who perceives military means as the first and only alternative.

The curtain opened to applause loud enough to drown out a John Williams soundtrack. People cheered the appearance of each main character, even their names in the beginning crawls; boos and cheers even greeted the appropriate spaceships! But soon it quieted down and, except for appropriate chuckles, a blessedly minimal amount of dialogue said along, and knowing laughter at lines such as Aunt Beru's "(Luke) has too much of his father in him," the films performed to enraptured silence.

Multiple viewings reveal what a well-directed—paced, framed—

continued on page 55





Left: Wicket the Ewok (Warrick C. Davis) in RETURN OF THE JEDI. Fans booed the Ewoks at the trilogy's publicity screening to hype JEDI's reissue, an indication that some are losing patience with George Lucas' excess of cute. Middle: Luke (Mark Hamill) and R2D2 meet Yoda in THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK. Right: The triumphant ending of STAR WARS, the best of the series, now called A NEW HOPE. Above: One reason the films still hold up: the imaginative special effects of ILM.



Creature creator Carlo Rambaldi poses with the animatronic star of CAT'S EYE. Rambaldi's cable-activated face for the creature is worn by a midget in costume. The Troll, only a few inches high in the movie, has just ripped its way through the baseboard of a little girl's bedroom to do battle with her guardian cat.

Stephen King's CAT'S EYE

Director Lewis Teague and effects expert Carlo Rambaldi on filming Stephen King's imaginative horror anthology.

by Tim Hewitt

"They're very different," Lewis Teague said of his latest project and his previous film, *CUJO*. Nothing unusual about that—except that *CAT'S EYE*, like *CUJO* before it, sprang from the mind of Stephen King. It is July of '84 and Teague is midway through filming. On a set decorated to look like a little girl's bedroom, Teague is crouched beside the bed on which Drew Barrymore lies under heavy covers, feigning sleep. Teague slips his hand into a detailed puppet that, in this shot, will substitute for the up-scale monster used in other scenes.

Saying that he's ready for the shot, Teague crouches out of camera range, positions the puppet and, when the camera rolls, slowly walks the little monster across the form of Drew Barrymore. On signal she stirs and the monster darts from sight. Teague scrambles to another position, careful to avoid the eye of the camera, and the monster cautiously reappears, creeping all the way up to the head of the sleeping victim, intent on sucking the breath out of her.

"Cut!" Teague calls, and there is a rush of activity as the next sequence is set up. "*CUJO* is rooted in reality," Teague said during the break. "It's really a film about ordinary fears, the threads of fear that twine through our lives. This is more of a fantasy, a lot more fun."

Since special effects often translate into fun, audiences did not go wanting when *CAT'S EYE* opened last spring. Based in part on the stories "The Ledge" and "Quitter's, Inc." in his story collection, *Night Shift*, King's script called for effects sequences ranging from a perilous walk along the window ledge of a highrise hotel to a monster that flies across a little girl's bedroom. Veteran creature-maker Carlo Rambaldi was brought in to

"I've decided that whether it's under the bed, or in the closet, or in the wall, it's all the same creature," said Stephen King. "It's the scariest story I know."

Director Lewis Teague (l) runs through the effects of one of the film's action scenes, utilizing an oversized mechanical cat which knocks the Troll into a jar of gumballs.



realize the monster in the film's final episode, an original story called "The General," and Jeff Jarvis, who not long ago handled similar chores on *FIRESTARTER*, coordinated the film's mechanical effects.

CAT'S EYE, despite director Lewis Teague's contention that it isn't like *CUJO*, is like another Stephen King vehicle: *CREEPSHOW*. Like that film, the first to be made from a King screenplay, *CAT'S EYE* is an anthology film of sorts. But where the anthology format of the previous film was born out of the design, the format of *CAT'S EYE* was more of a necessity. Dino De Laurentiis, the producer behind *FIRESTARTER* and the excellent *DEAD ZONE*, owned the film rights to a number of King short stories and felt that the best way to present them on the screen would be as a series of separate, but related episodes. King became directly involved in the project when De Laurentiis asked if he could possibly provide a script for Drew Barrymore. King took an idea he had mulled over as a possible short story and then wrote a short script called "The General," the story of a little girl menaced by a monster that lives in the walls of her bedroom.

"I thought that the concept [of linking the three stories together] was so unusual and so spacy that I wanted to write the script myself," King said as he walked about the set that several months ago existed only in his imagination. "I thought that Dino would offer me the chance to do the screenplay, and when he did I jumped at it." Because of the continuous flow of action provided by the film's linking device, a vagabond cat, King feels the result is more of a unified film than was the episodic *CREEPSHOW*. But, prior to release much of King's linking material was edited out of the film.

The cat as a linking device in two of King's stories proves not only pointless but actually lessens suspense.

CAT'S EYE

An MGM/UA release. 4/85, 93 mins. In color and dolby stereo. Director, Lewis Teague. Producer, Martha J. Schumacher. Coproducer, Milton Subotsky. Production designer, Giorgio Postiglione. Creatures, Carlo Rambaldi. Models, Emilio Ruiz. Art director, Jeffrey Ginn. Set designer, E. C. Chen. Assistant director, Kuki Lopez Rodero. Camera, Jack Cardiff. Editor, Scott Conrad. Casting, Howard Feuer and Jeremy Ritzer. Music, Alan Silvestri. Special visual effects, Barry Nolan. Screenplay by Stephen King; based on short stories by Stephen King.

Girl	Drew Barrymore
Morrison	James Woods
Donatti	Alan King
Cressner	Kenneth McMillan
Norris	Robert Hays
Sally Ann	Candy Clark
Hugh	James Naughton
Junk	Tony Munafò
Cindy	Mary D'Arcy

by Lawrence French

Never afraid of overexposure, Stephen King has returned to the screen with CAT'S EYE, written at the behest of Dino DeLaurentiis, as a starring vehicle for Drew Barrymore and a group of talented felines. Like CREEPSHOW, King's only previous screenplay credit, CAT'S EYE is an anthology film, featuring adaptations of two previously published stories, "Quitters, Inc." and "The Ledge," combined with an original script, "The General."

Unfortunately, King allowed Mr. De Laurentiis to convince him to try and unify the three stories by having a cat appear in all of the segments. At first, King quite correctly thought this idea was 'insane,' since the cat's presence in the first two segments is totally pointless, and in fact only succeeds in diffusing the build-up of suspense at the climax of both stories.

The film starts out quite promisingly, with an encounter between the friendly feline and a rabid St. Bernard, a clever nod to CUJO and one of the film's many in-jokes. The cat eventually makes its escape on a tobacco truck bound for New York City. On a Manhattan sidewalk, the animal is captured and becomes the pet of Dr. Donatti (Alan King), who runs a stop-smoking facility, which employs rather extreme methods. James Woods arrives at Donatti's offices, and is given a display of how the smoking cure is to be effected. Donatti tosses the helpless puss into an electrically wired room and turns on the juice, explaining to Woods that his wife will get the same treatment, should he break down and sneak a puff.

King quickly sets up the film's undercurrent of sly humor, but as handled by director Lewis Teague, the right balance of comedy and



"Quitters, Inc.," mob tactics help James Woods beat the cigarette habit.



"The Ledge:" Robert Hays gets the drop on his high-rise tormentor.

terror is never quite established. Of little help in this episode is the garish production design of Giorgio Postiglione, who makes Wood's suburban New York house look like a collection of model rooms in a department store.

Of course, Woods' wife is brought in to undergo the shock treatment, as Woods is forced to watch at gunpoint. Horrified, Woods attempts to stop the 'treatment' to his wife, and during the struggle the cat escapes from the office. This rather effectively destroys the concentration of suspense in this sequence, and makes for poor continuity as well, since Teague is forced to cut from the cat traveling toward Atlantic City, and the last few scenes of the "Quitters, Inc." story, creating confusion. It also leaves out the amusing coda to King's original story, where Donatti's bill arrives, including a fee for the electricity used in treating Wood's wife.

Next up, King expands on his story "The Ledge" by having casino owner Kenneth McMillan bet a friend on whether the cat can make it safely across a busy downtown street. The scene allows Teague to stage a completely gratuitous car crash, while making the obvious point that McMillan is a man who likes to gamble. In short order, we are introduced to Robert Hays, who plans to run off with McMillan's wife, but becomes entangled in a scheme where he is forced to submit to a wager proposed by McMillan, or face being sent to jail on trumped-up drug charges. The wager involves Hays having to successfully walk around the 6-inch ledge on the top of McMillan's high-rise penthouse apartment.

This segment should provide unrelenting suspense, as every moment Hays is on the ledge, the viewer will automatically identify with his precarious situation.

Unfortunately, once again the introduction of the cat into the story only serves to break up the tension. While Hays struggles on the ledge, Teague intercuts shots of the cat hissing at McMillan, and finally as Hays successfully completes his task, the climax of the story is interrupted by the cat escaping from the apartment to the street below.

In the original story, King wisely kept the entire action set in the penthouse apartment, and the surrounding ledge. His adaptation sacrifices the claustrophobic effect of the story by opening it up with scenes which are simply uncalled for (except by his producer). The scenes on the ledge have a suitably realistic feel to them, contributed to by Emilio Ruiz's effective models, as well as several gigantic transparencies simulating the Atlantic City skyline from 43 stories up.

In the final episode, the cat manages to find its way back to Wilmington, North Carolina, and the home of young Drew Barrymore, while at the same time a malevolent Troll arrives and takes up residence in the little girl's bedroom wall. Since the cat is now a main protagonist in the story, this episode fares far better than the previous outings, and Teague is able to present a straightforward narrative, without extraneous interruptions. After Barrymore convinces her parents to adopt the feline, the menacing Troll appears, attempting to suck the girl's breath away, but the cat engages the devilish imp in a feverish battle on top of Barrymore's bed.

The Troll, as designed by Carlo Rambaldi, has a personality that alternates from Ewok-type cuteness, to the mischievous nature of Joe Dante's GREMLINS. In the final battle between the Troll and the cat, Teague is better able to capture the balance of humor and horror which the other episodes fail to achieve. Of little help throughout is a notably lackluster score provided by Alan Silvestri, and surprisingly conventional photography from the usually impressive Jack Cardiff.

Ironically, the film succeeds on about the same level as producer Milton Subotsky's old Amicus anthologies, and Subotsky receives credit as co-producer for having first acquired the King stories. The major difference here is that Subotsky's past films were made for a mere fraction of the cost needed by this ill-conceived DeLaurentiis production. □

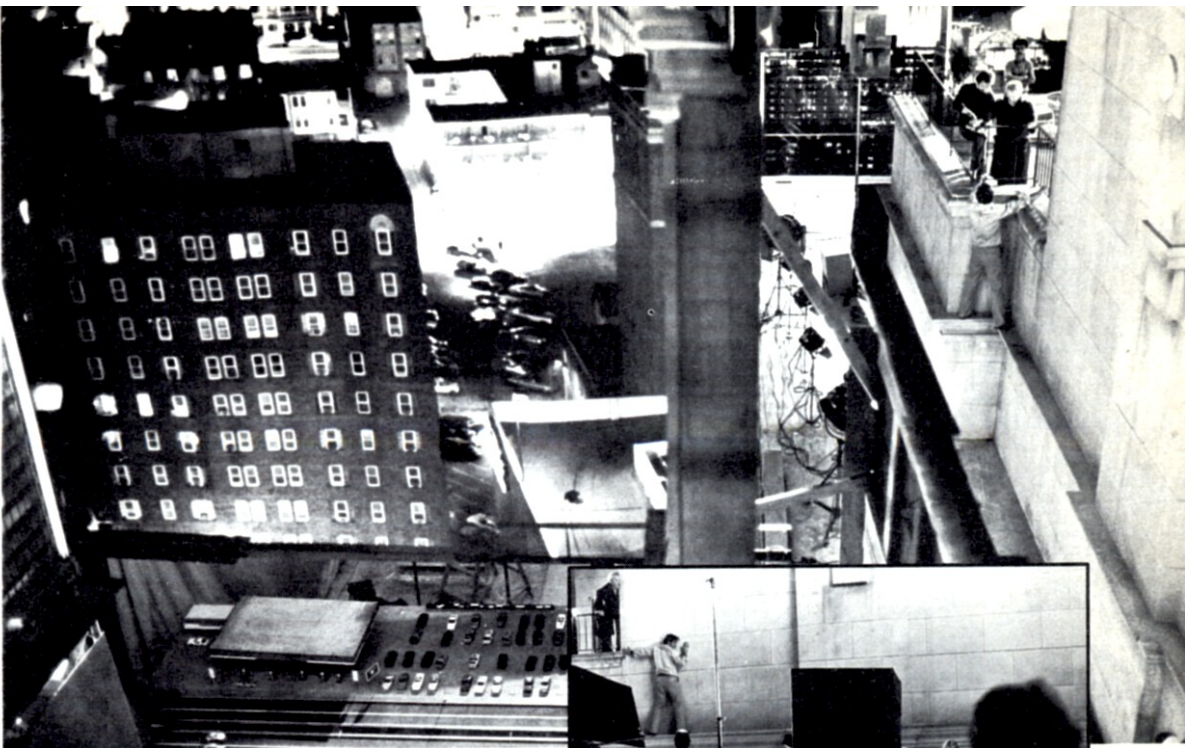
"The cat's the hero of the movie," said King, who declined to discuss the film's editing after its release. According to King it was De Laurentiis who was taken with the idea of the cat and insisted that it be used as the linking device for the film. Karl Miller had worked with Lewis Teague before, providing the Saint Bernard for CUJO, so it was only natural that the production turned to him for the cat that would be the hero of CATS' EYE.

"We have a saying in the field of animal training," Miller said. "You train a dog, but you con a cat. You set up the props and environment for the shot and then con the cat into acting the right way."

If the cat is the film's hero, its villain is an unnamed monster—dubbed the "Troll"—undergoing last minute touch-ups elsewhere on the lot in Carlo Rambaldi's roomy workshop. Rambaldi built the articulated head to be worn by one of three midget actors in costume. The design follows the same basic principle as E.T., which Rambaldi also built, but he is quick to point out the differences.

"It's only mechanical," he said. "No electronics. He needs only expression." To demonstrate, Rambaldi pushes and pulls one of twelve lever controls that are connected to cables running across the floor and up into the back of the creature's head. As the levers are moved, the creature's face flexes, shifting expressions. Rambaldi is joined by his assistant and, moving as many as four levers at once, they give the illusion of life to the head.

Rambaldi's design is squat, almost toad-like. The features of the troll are fashioned in latex over a metal framework. The inside of the head appears to be a chaotic tangle of springs and levers that push and pull at one of the twenty-five movement points. And all of that tangle of metal "guts" is



FORCED-PERSPECTIVE MINIATURES by Emilio Ruiz were used to film "The Ledge" segment at the De Laurentiis studios in Wilmington, North Carolina, and make it look as if actor Robert Hays was stories off the ground, instead of just a few feet high. Director Lewis Teague (top right) goes over the action with Hays and Kenneth McMillan. The set's background is a "translight," a huge backlit transparency of Atlantic City. Inset: The street miniature with moving traffic.

designed to permit the mask to fit over the head of the actor who will wear the troll costume.

Making the mask more cumbersome and unwieldy are the twelve cables running from the rear of it, connecting the interior workings to the control levers several feet away. And there's more. Rambaldi reaches for two hollow tubes and blows into them. The creature's jowls suddenly puff out, making the snarl on the face all the more amazing.

"It is terrible, monstrous," Rambaldi said, looking at his creature. "At the same time it's sympathetic." He pushes more of the levers and the expression of anger on

the creature's face suddenly becomes whimsical, almost charming, an E.T. with teeth. When the mask is fitted to the actor in costume, the resulting creation has a decided fairy-tale quality about it. "It is not *too* scary," Rambaldi said, noting that CATS' EYE isn't intended to be an outright horror film.

Building these mechanical creatures has become the major focus of Rambaldi's career. It is a talent that received prominent attention when Dino De Laurentiis hired him to produce a full-scale mechanical King Kong for the producer's lackluster remake. Rambaldi demonstrated the true capabilities of his creations in later films such as CLOSE ENCOUNTERS, ALIEN, and of course E.T.

Rambaldi favors his method of producing monsters over the quickly waning, but more traditional stop-motion technique for a very simple reason. "You see what you have right away," he said dabbing latex on a small crack that had appeared in the mask of the Troll. "This way, you don't spend months doing something that may not be right, may not be what you want. This way you see immediately. If something is not right, you fix it. Less expensive, less time-consuming."

Still, where an animation model would need a model set, the creature that Rambaldi built needs a set as well. The scale of the crea-

ture in relation to the rest of the actors requires some big thinking. For Jeff Jarvis and his crew it meant building a duplicate of the bedroom set where Lewis Teague was filming the hand puppet.

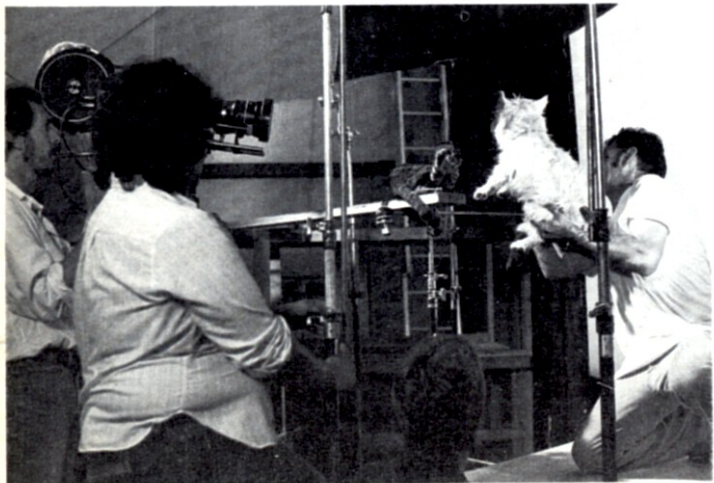
"We had to build an entire up-scale set," says Jarvis. "The scale is eight-to-one, so you take a bed that's normally three feet off the ground and multiply that times eight and it now becomes twenty-four feet off the ground and absolutely tremendous."

The up-scale bedroom seems to fill up the sound stage, dwarfing the technicians at work. The bedroom has been reproduced in exact detail, eight times larger than normal. Everything from the other set is here: a record player with a working turntable, a doll house, a desk, waste basket, tissue paper flowers, and the world's largest bed.

One of the trickiest scenes filmed on the set called for the Troll to tear his way through the wall. "We tried about 28 different ways of cracking the wall before we finally came up with something that the director and everyone else was pleased with," said effects supervisor Jeff Jarvis.

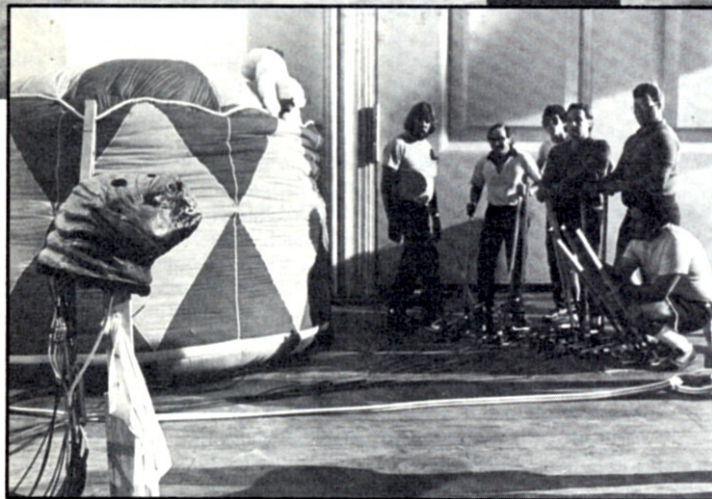
Jarvis covered pre-cut pieces of metal with balsa wood to make a mock-up of the wall. Arms and cables were attached to the back of the structure, and when they were pulled the pieces of the fake wall cracked in the center, following the path of the cut in the metal

To get a Troll reaction shot, cat-trainer Karl Miller (holding dog) uses a tried-and-true method to get a rise out of the film's feline star for director Lewis Teague (left).





On the oversized bedroom set for "The General" segment, director Lewis Teague prepares his crew to launch the shards of a gumball jar at the Troll, poised for action in this pitched battle scene with the cat. Inset: Carlo Rambaldi and his crew at the cable controls of the Troll head, mounted on a stand for rehearsing the action.



backing, and splintered. "It just pulls itself inward and rolls around similar to an aluminum can or something if you were to squash it."

On another sound stage at Dino De Laurentiis' North Carolina Film Corporation facility where the film is being produced, rises the monolithic set for "The Ledge." Since it is neither safe nor practical to attempt location filming on a six-inch window ledge of a high-rise hotel, a section of the hotel has been built on the stage, putting the ledge approximately seven feet above the ground instead of thirty stories. The plaster and glass facade is built around a web of scaffolding and platforms, and it is here that Jeff Jarvis will make Robert Hays appear to be in danger of falling into space toward the imaginary concrete below.

In order to provide some substance to the illusion of height, Jar-

vis concocted a gag in which a Klaxon horn (that at one point is used to startle Hays) falls thirty stories to flatten like a pancake on impact with the ground.

"We took a Klaxon horn and made a mold of it and used it to shape some one-pound sheet lead to look like the horn. We trimmed up the pieces, glued them together and had the finished piece painted to look like brass." The result was a soft metal model of the Klaxon horn, a model that would flatten on impact when dropped from two feet above the ground.

The ledge on the sound stage is surrounded by what appear to be giant photographic transparencies called translights. These huge color pictures of the Atlantic City skyline are lit from behind, giving them a natural-looking illumination. They fill in for buildings across from the

hotel where the action takes place and provide striking vistas that open up the closed-in sound stage.

But the finishing touch is in the hands of Emilio Ruiz, a master in the field of miniature effects. It is he who has designed the miniature models that will lend perspective and dimension to the ledge sequence of CATS EYE. To look at one of Ruiz's perspective models is to get the impression that you are looking at some form of bizarre modern sculpture. The model is of the face of a building, but the lines aren't straight. The model is like an inverted pyramid, wide at the top, but growing narrow toward the bottom. Looking at Ruiz's miniatures from above gives the impression of looking down from a considerably greater height.

No one knows exactly how to account for Ruiz's ability to build miniatures that appear so realistic on film, particularly since he doesn't bother to explain exactly how his process works, even to some of his assistants. For CATS EYE, Ruiz went to Atlantic City, where the ledge sequence takes place, and looked at the city from the rooftops in order to get an impression of what he would have to recreate in front of the translights. Four large building models were built out of wood and plaster along with ten small models

made of wood, plexiglass and fiberglass. In addition there were a number of rooftops built to add to the illusion.

Ruiz's art is hanging miniatures, and several of the models were suspended by cables from the ceiling, the theory being that as soon as a miniature is placed on the ground a viewer can get some idea of its size. All of the miniatures Ruiz designed for CONAN THE DESTROYER were suspended from the ceilings of the sets. However, most of the building models for CATS EYE rest on platforms outside of camera range.

Ruiz directs placement of the models while looking through an 18mm wide angle lens. In this fashion he lines up the models so that they will appear just the right distance apart when captured on film. When he is satisfied, he simply moves his camera out of the way and allows the first unit to step in.

The perspective models that Ruiz has built follow the same principle used by artists to give illusions of depth to flat drawings. The angled lines of the piece, in the case of Ruiz's work a three-dimensional object, make it appear to recede into the picture, forcing a sense of perspective. His translator (Ruiz speaks only Spanish) describes the process as "anamorphic," stretching out the subject. People who have seen dai-

lies of Ruiz's work agree that it is remarkable.

At the moment, the miniature cars that move along a conveyor belt at the foot of one of the buildings are causing some problems and the traffic doesn't look convincing. There has been some problem in getting the cars to move evenly. Earlier, a canvas conveyor belt simply crumpled up. The electricians have wired up small lights in the cars and everyone is confident that in a short time the problems will be solved and the miniature cars will be the equal of the miniature buildings.

On the normal-sized bedroom set of "The General" the camera has been positioned and Lewis Teague discusses the shot with the crew. The camera will slowly pan across the sleeping Drew Barrymore and then stop at the open window, at which point the cat will leap through onto the window seat. Cat trainer Karl Miller's assistant is behind the set with the cat. Miller stands out of camera range near the window. Teague calls for action and the camera pans. Miller signals for the cat with a "clicker" and the cat leaps through the window—too late. Miller gives the cat a piece of food and returns the animal to his assistant. The shot is done again. After two more takes Teague is satisfied. The cat is rewarded and returned to the kennels.

"We use conditioned response training," said Miller. "You place an animal in a situation and he responds a certain way. When it's what we want we give a noise signal—a clicker, a buzz, or a bell—which is a signal for a food reward and the animal realizes he's done right. He'll go back and do the last thing he got rewarded for."

Of course, there are limits to working with cats that don't necessarily arise when working with dogs. Dogs are more responsive to people and desire affection that cats don't particularly crave. For that reason the



Rambaldi's design for the Troll gave it a whimsical fairy-tale quality and features that provided for remarkable expressiveness.

food reward, although used with dogs as well, is more important in the training of cats. "Cats are not as anxious to please man as dogs are," Miller continued, "and with cats, unfortunately, they have small stomachs and when they're full they stop working for you. That's why we have so many photographic doubles."

In preparation for filming CAT'S EYE, Miller went through thirty-five cats during the training period. Of those thirty-five, sixteen were selected to perform in the film. It may sound like a lot of cats, but Miller says that essentially only three cats were used for the majority of the work. The remaining unlucky thirteen served as understudies, filling in on days when the principal felines were wearied by the heavy

work demands or proved uncooperative.

The most difficult thing to get the cats to do, Miller said, "is look untrained. Everyone has a cat that will scratch, a dog that will yawn, a bird that will talk, but they do it when they want to do it. We train animals to do those things on cue, and usually that means you lose that little touch of personality the animal has when he does it on its own. When the camera rolls and you cue the cat it looks like the cat is taking cues. So what we do is *condition* the cat to do it. It's not really brainwashing, but boy it's right on the margin."

Miller's methods are effective. His cats do have a naturalness about them that isn't always present in

movie animals. Some things, however, are easier to get a cat to do than others. When the camera crew moved to another stage to shoot blue-screen footage of the cat, Miller arrived with some extras—dogs. The scene being shot requires that the cat react to something, a monster, that isn't there. The dogs will substitute.

With the cameras rolling and the cat crouched comfortably on pillows from the window seat of the bedroom set, Miller approached with a small terrier and lifted the dog up toward the cat's perch. As expected, the cat began to hiss, its ears drawing back as it bared its sharp teeth, raising its paw in warning. All the while the barking of a larger dog, held on a leash by one of Miller's assistants, echoed and reverberated through the nearly empty sound stage. Even though the cat's reaction was perfect, it was the terrier in Miller's hands who appeared most intimidated.

At the film's climax the cat squares off against King's unnamed monster in the wall. "As far as I'm concerned it's a *fornit*," said King about the scripted menace. The reference point is King's short story, "The Ballad of the Flexible Bullet," a tale of a writer whose good and bad fortunes depend upon a little creature that lives in his typewriter. On the set it is called "the creature" or "the troll."

When asked about the connection to his earlier story King responded: "[That story] has almost everything to do with almost every monster story I've ever written. I decided that whether it's under the bed, or in the closet, or in the wall, it's all the same creature, you know? 'Who's that trip-trapping on my bridge?' It's the scariest story I know." □

Director Lewis Teague manipulates a Troll hand-puppet for a scene where it climbs atop Drew Barrymore's bed.



BABY

Secret Of The Lost Legend.

The trials and tribulations of filming mechanical dinosaur effects on location in Africa's Ivory Coast.

by Mike Mayo

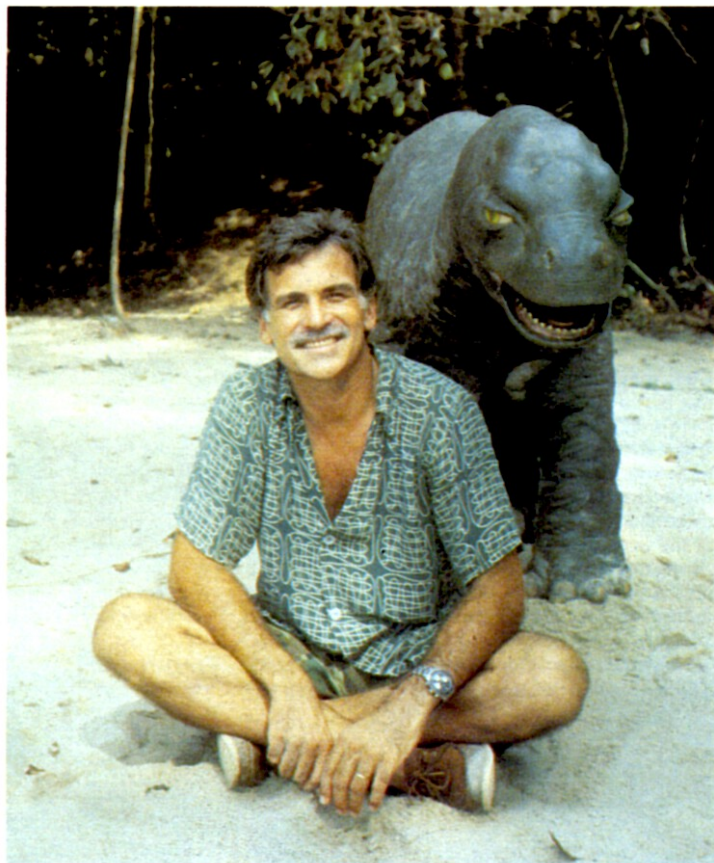
Because the Walt Disney organization and director B.W.L. (Bill) Norton wanted to achieve as much realism as possible with *BABY: THE SECRET OF THE LOST LEGEND*, it was decided to use full-scale mechanical dinosaurs designed by Isidoro Raponi for as much of the action as possible. The \$13 million production—released last March—stars William Katt and Sean Young as a yuppie couple who discover a living family of dinosaurs deep in the African jungle, and wind up risking their lives to protect a baby Brontosaur.

Raponi, Disney's resident mechanical wizard, designed mechanisms working from models of the dinosaurs that were anatomically correct as possible with the exception of facial characteristics changed to give the creatures more expressiveness and less reptilian coldness. The mechanism fit onto short actors bent over and walking on all fours using short hand stilts.

The Disney workshops fabricated fiberglass plates to fit over Raponi's aluminum and steel skeletons to serve as an anchor for the polyurethane foam that would fill out the body. The dinosaurs were torn down to be recast and rebuilt in Africa. Raponi was to find though, that what worked well over here wouldn't necessarily work the same over there.

The Ivory Coast was chosen as the location for *BABY*. Raponi and his crew of 75 arrived a month ahead of the main crew and set up shop in a large hanger at Abidjan's airport where they started casting and assembling the dinosaurs.

Moving the finished dinosaurs involved loading them onto a flatbed truck sans head and tail, and driving them over 25 miles of



Director B.W.L. Norton and the film's mechanical star designed by Isidoro Raponi.

narrow dirt roads lined with natives curious to see what the hell was rumbling past their huts. The creatures were then reunited with their heads and tails and loaded onto a raft for another twenty miles or so upriver to a lake located 60 miles north of the capitol.

So many natives paddled out to see and touch the strange creatures that Raponi had one of the effects people tied to the tail in such a way that it looked like the dinosaur had

grabbed him, just to see if that would help keep some onlookers away. From there, the dinosaurs were again unloaded and disassembled onto another flatbed and hauled a final few miles to the lake over a dirt road built by the production.

Raponi and his crew maintained the dinosaurs at the location, rehearsing the performers and the cable crews, and trying to touch-up all the glitches and tears that the dinosaurs were experienc-

ing. As makeup people will tell you, makeup materials are either flexible or strong, but rarely both. Foam latex or urethane foams are especially fragile compounds. They tear easily and readily absorb moisture from the air which further speeds their deterioration. Working with makeup materials even under the best of conditions can be a trying experience, and the *BABY* crew was working in conditions that rarely brought smiles of satisfaction.

Adding to the problems was the very air around them. The Ivory Coast sits on the western coast of the continent and thus gets plenty of wet, salt-laden moisture in its air. But the country also lies west of the great African deserts, and as the hot desert air was sucked down into the relatively cooler climates, it also brought with it a fine, gritty dust that got under clothing, into skin and inside all the delicate camera and dinosaur mechanisms. The dinosaurs had to be torn-down repeatedly to be cleaned to keep them from rusting into immobility.

The limitations of the dinosaurs were a time-consuming problem as well. The costumes were hot and hard to see out of. In fact, except for one suit, the dinosaur operators inside the suits were blind and had to rely on radioed (or shouted) instructions for what they were to do. Walking bent over with stilts with a hundred pounds pressing down on your back was no easy chore either; several takes of each small action by the *Baby* were usually needed. Director Norton also had to constantly revise scenes as he started working with the dinosaurs and got a better feeling for what they could and couldn't do.

An example is a scene in the middle of the movie where Katt



and Young have to capture Baby, who proceeds to haul Katt all around the campsite and landscape before she finally settles down. It was a cute scene, but impossible to do. The operators inside the suits had enough trouble hauling themselves around, let alone trying to drag Katt with them. Norton eventually rewrote the scene so that Katt and Young lure Baby into their tent and collapse it.

"Once we had that tent covering the dinosaur, we could do anything," said Norton, who learned

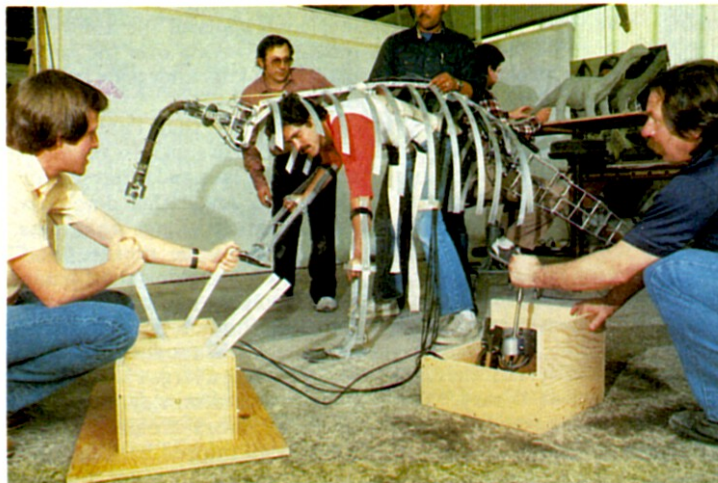
to adapt quickly to the adversities of the production. The tent hid a stunt man with a puppet head and enough padding around him to make it look like he might be the dinosaur.

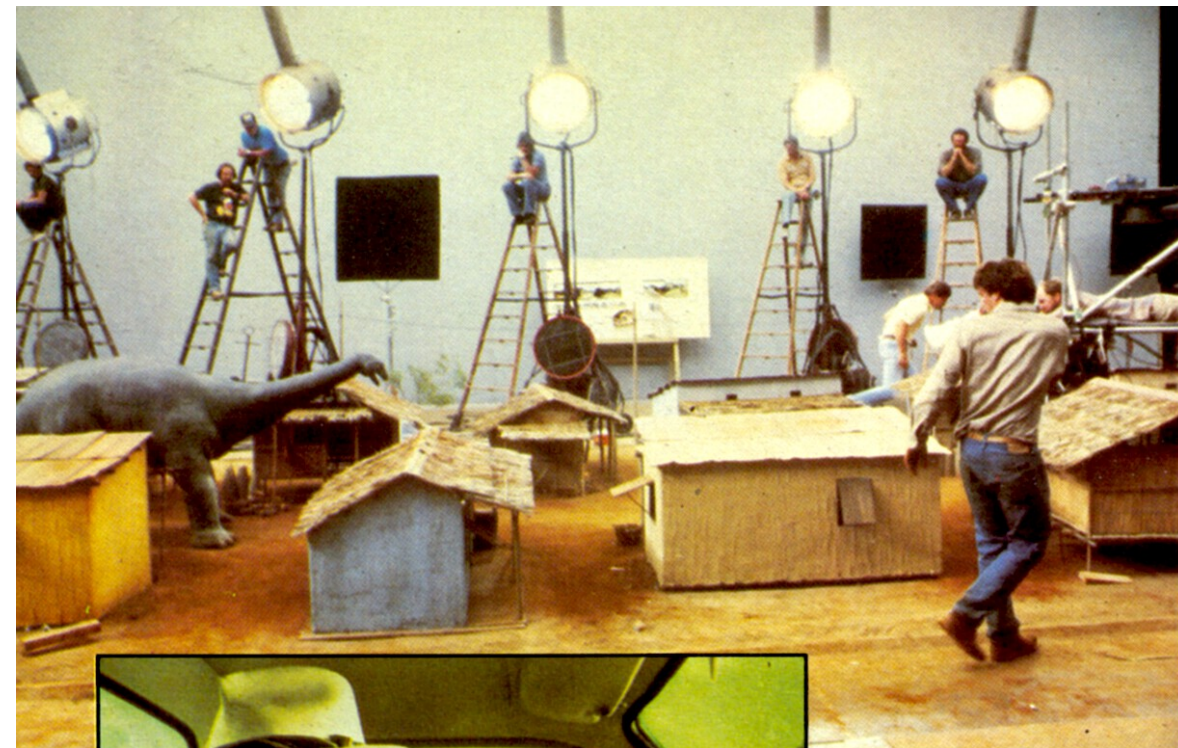
"I was most excited about doing BABY because I'd never done a special effects picture like it," said Norton, who directed MORE AMERICAN GRAFITTI. "I thought it was a great concept and I found it a wonderful opportunity to learn. I've always enjoyed the 'magic' of effects."

Norton soon found that the

MEN-IN-SUIT-DINOSAURS created by former Carlo Rambaldi-protege Isidoro Raponi were filmed both in Africa and under controlled conditions on the Disney backlot. Above: The father brontosaurus is prepared for filming on a quarter-scale miniature set built at Disney's Burbank studio and designed by former ILM effects expert Paul Huston. The set featured a miniature lake with a knee-deep pond built above the stage, surrounded by quarter-scale mangrove trees made individually by hand to match trees from the African location. Painter Gary D'Amica touches-up the dinosaur's skin while Steve Debs (yellow shirt) helps position a neck pipe support to rest the operator inside. Externally-controlled cable mechanisms operated most of the neck and head movements, with an operator inside on all fours for walking.

Bottom Left: The father, mother and baby brontosaurus are first glimpsed in the film grazing in this forest clearing, another of Huston's intricately detailed quarter-scale sets, with realistic foliage provided by greensman Phil Hoescht. The baby in this scene was a miniature articulated model supported by a neck wire and capable of only limited moves. Bottom Right: Dinosaur effects supervisor Isidoro Raponi (2nd from left) and crew begin installation of cable mechanisms for movement on the metal armature used for "Baby." Phil Bartko, inside the armature, stands in for an operator. The dinosaur skins, once applied to the armature, were split down the middle on the 'underbelly' so the dinosaurs could be placed over their operators. Willard Livingston (top) adjusts cables while Jeff Karpe (right) manipulates controls.





DINOSAUR RAMPAGE in a native village was shot on the Disney backlot using one of Paul Huston's quarter-scale miniature sets, built to match the live-action set shot in Africa. Disney's vintage VistaVision camera was mounted upside down on the scaffolding seen at right, and operated by Jamie Anderson (lying down) via a video monitor. Grips pulled the scaffolding to follow the action of Isidoro Raponi's dinosaur, directed by Steve McEveety (foreground), which is filmed high speed. Inset: A static take of the rampaging beast was composited blue screen with Patrick McGoohan.

Baby dinosaur really looked best in the water, prompting him to rework scenes to set them in the lake and rivers, dunking a stoic Katt and Raponi's delicate creation in some of the filthiest and foulest water on the planet, water so full of parasites that anyone getting in risked contracting tapeworms, hookworms and leaches. The effect on the dinosaur was so bad that the water actually ate away its rubber skin.

"The cable-operated dinosaurs could only walk five feet at a stretch," said Norton about the limitations the effects posed on the filming. "We had another suit without the cable mechanisms that we used for broader action, but its neck was so stiff it was only good for long shots."

It is estimated that no more than half of the dinosaur footage shot ultimately proved useable. Weeks of reshooting with the Baby dinosaur was ultimately done on the Disney backlot in corners where enough vegetation could convincingly fake Africa within a limited frame.

"We also shot some scenes in a swimming pool at Disney," said Norton about the pick-up shooting for effects that didn't work in Africa. "I had a diver stick-up one

of the puppet heads out of the water. William Katt swam around it. The two heads go under and pop up until they finally see each other underwater. Those are the kinds of solutions I had to come up with."

Quarter-scale versions of adult dinosaurs roughly the size of the full-scale Baby but with longer necks and tails were also to be filmed in Africa. The quarter-scale shots included lake scenes where Baby's mother is captured and the father killed, a native village where Baby's mother breaks free of her captors and wreaks havoc, and an all-purpose jungle setting for various long shots of the dinosaurs moving, towering over the jungle plants and knocking aside trees in their path.

ILM effects expert Paul Huston was called in to supervise the miniature work, lake and forest sets for the mother and father dinosaurs and a native village that gets destroyed by the mother, and insisted on switching the filming from the Ivory Coast to Disney's Burbank Studios. Huston managed to save the production a bundle by finding a large collection of quarter-scale miniature props made by Ivory Coast natives, which were shipped back for use. A quarter-scale ladder for in-

stance, that cost Huston a dollar in Africa, would have cost a hundred dollars to build back at the studio because of labor costs and overhead.

The only miniature Huston was dissatisfied with was the lake which figures prominently in the father bronto's death scene. There's no such thing as "miniature water" and Huston feared large waves and droplets would be a dead giveaway to the audience. He wanted to have the action take place on land, or cover the water with lily pads to help mask it, a solution that would have made it

impossible to intercut location shots.

Considering the problems encountered using the seven different suits needed to bring "Baby" to life, the filmmakers may have regretted their decision not to use stop-motion animation for the film, a technique traditionally employed in the best dinosaur films. Early in preproduction stop-motion had been considered and animators such as David Allen were consulted by Disney. Motion control expert John Schele, who worked on TRON, looked into using a motion control system with animator Jim Danforth. But, Raponi pushed for the use of live-action mechanics because he felt stop-motion was too time consuming. Ultimately, the filmmakers ruled out stop-motion because the interaction between "Baby" and the actors would make use of the process difficult.

After all the problems caused by the mechanical men-in-suit dinosaurs, director B. W. L. Norton found himself pleasantly surprised when he started assembling the footage back in Hollywood once filming was completed.

"The best thing I discovered was that the damn baby dinosaur looked great," said Norton. "That was amazing to me because it was so difficult to shoot.

"When you're directing a creature like that you tend to look for the mistakes," continued Norton. "I was always looking for the things that it did wrong because I needed to stop and do it over. But during the editing process we started selecting takes and I began to notice what went right. Suddenly, it wasn't the suit that people crawled in and out of. With the pieces all assembled together, it hit me. 'Gee, there's a character there!'" □

BABY MOVERS Terri Girvin, Paula Crist and Richard Aguirre, the unsung heroes of the production, pose with the lifeless shell of Isidoro Raponi's suit on location in Africa's Ivory Coast. The hot costume weighed over 50 pounds.



The film starts off promisingly, but instead of a unique find, offers-up a plot that pre-dates the Jurassic.

BABY: SECRET OF THE LOST LEGEND

A Buena Vista release of a Touchstone film. 3/85, 95 mins. In color. Director, B.W.L. Norton. Producer, Jonathan Taplin. Executive producer, Roger Spotswoode. Camera, John Alcott. Editors, Howard Smith and David Bretherton. Production designer, Raymond G. Storey. Music, Jerry Goldsmith. Dinosaurs created by Isidoro Raponi and Roland Tantin.

George Loomis William Katt
 Susan Matthews-Loomis Sean Young
 Dr. Eric Kiviat Patrick McGoohan
 Nigel Jenkins Julian Fellowes
 Cephu Kyalo Mattivo
 Kenge Obe Hugh Quarshie
 Colonel Nsojbu Olu Jacobs

by Allen Malmquist

BABY: a bigger mythical creature than Disney offered last spring, but one which makes a much smaller splash. Two steps forward, one step back: for after the success of Ron Howard's mermaid movie, this tale of a brontosaurus baby slides into the old Disney formula and does anything but move Walt Disney Productions back into the mainstream.

BABY recounts the tale of a young zoologist and her husband who, not so deep in Africa, discover a brontosaurus family, and set out to protect it from a captivity-happy professor. An interesting idea, and one which starts out interestingly.

Our heroes are led to the area by a report of food poisoning. Senoufu natives have eaten an unusual animal not natural to their diet. Other fresh ideas follow, such as when Susan and George first meet the fierce Kaleri tribesmen: Susan snaps her camera and the Kaleri, instead of fearing for their souls, delight in the pictures, an impromptu group shot soon gathers.

These scenes are peppered with clever dialogue, such as George's culinary critique: "This is absolute craparama. Dead ants. Live ants. I think I'm gonna die . . . Here, try a little half-eaten hippie food;" Cephu finds the granola bar unworthy of digestion. Even fairly mundane moments become nice touches due to their direction, such as when George rolls his face into Susan's letter of goodbye, or motorecycling after her helicopter, stops abruptly at pier's end.

Very much like **SPLASH:** a simple tale told with wit. **BABY's** acting doesn't quite compare, but it's capable, especially that of Patrick McGoohan. He holds himself in rein and, in spite of far too little development and screen time, creates a memorable capsule of controlled villainy. **BABY** also offers, though no truly spectacular



George Loomis (William Katt) attempts to free the mother dinosaur, a full-scale foam rubber prop designed by Isidoro Raponi with a mechanized neck and head.

landscapes, a continuum of lush scenery.

Both **BABY** and **SPLASH** are friendly, fairly predictable little tales which play out a unique idea on their way to a happy ending, always with a firm foundation of "basic values." This kind of filmmaking began to take hold in the mid-fifties, when the success of live-action epics, such as **TREASURE ISLAND** and **20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA**, helped convince Disney to increase the Studio's output with smaller non-animated films. And they began to fall into the formula stated above. Most were mediocre at best, and they got worse after Walt's passing. Stand-outs such as **BULLWHIP GRIFFIN** and **ESCAPE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN** could best be termed "good little pieces of entertainment."

Like **SPLASH.** The plot is predictable, the characters stereotyped, but the detail of the film, the acting, the directing, the individual bits and scenes, delight, and make the movie a success. Though the Touchstone flag lets in some beyond Midwest-Americana sexual values, and the filmmakers add a modern zaniness, the basic film remains Disney. **BABY** too. Unfortunately, about a third of the way into **BABY**, the film decides to take its direction from the more mediocre films of Disney past; it turns into a chase.

A while back, Disney films became known for their chases, comic or dramatic—predating Hollywood's current love affair with crashing cars. The best little

films, like **THE LOVE BUG**, created clever finales, incorporated into the story and playing-off the characters involved. The worst simply plugged in a chase, of varying ingenuity, and squeezed the film out through it. **SPLASH** almost squeezes, but comes out entertaining enough, keeping the climactic chase remarkably short.

BABY's fills the last two-thirds of the movie. The clever dialogue disappears. The clever plotting evaporates. Just the good guys and the bad guys chasing each other in a series of not-so-hairbreadth escapes. This stuff, and thus the whole movie, is worse than trite, it's boring.

Made even more disappointing by the fact that the prize being fought for here is a dinosaur! Technically, the beasts are unimpressive. They waddle unconvincingly, often move too stiffly, in a skin that bunches unrealistically and is too dry and non-fleshy looking. Their eyes are too static and, worst of all, their lower jaws flap open like boards, in a motion unimproved from the original "Tiki Room" audio-animatronics . . . With a little dimming of the mind, one can accept them. But the creatures should at least be impressive as characters within the story. Instead, they're treated just like a cache of diamonds or a black-maned lion: a prize to run around with—Baby scurrying to its captive mother is a plot device little more involved than dropping the treasure and having it tumble into the bad guys camp. And the "little more" is simply the parental attrac-

tion of any animal. Nothing is uniquely dinosaur-ish in this movie.

The music reflects this treatment, overlaying the film with a standard American dramatic score of classical European influence. No flavor of the African jungle, no air of mystery about these ancient creatures.

Following the story to a disturbing climactic crescendo: **BABY** ends in an orgy of violence. Good natives get gunned down right and left; when the Chief learns how to handle a machine gun and blast the soldiers, the scene plays for laughs and cheers, the same rah-rah attitude requested by falling bombs and falling power lines, the latter electrocuting the evil Professor's assistant. The villain himself ends up a bloody body in Mama bronto's mouth; this is after the cheering ends, but still with a "just deserts" attitude. And of course the cute don't die: Baby gives the old fake death routine another screen appearance.

All of this makes one question the morality of the piece as a whole. First of all, Dr. Kiviat does care for the well-being of the dinosaurs. And since the murders he commits tend to fade into the background, and have no direct bearing on the animals anyway, what he plans to do with them, and why it is so bad, should be made clear. And what about our heroes? More than once they endanger Baby's life. And they make a final "born free" decision which crumbles under scrutiny.

"Just another legend?" Susan asks. "If we let it be," George answers. No way! Too many people know of the dinosaur's existence. The Professor had been on their trail for five years; much of the evidence remains, and if he could find them, so can others. Not to mention encroaching civilization. Simply letting the brontosaurus go solves nothing. And what of science? Susan mentioned Jane Goodall early in the film: she owes it to mankind to stay with and study the reptilian giants. **BABY** delivers a morally simplistic ending which, in terms of violence and science, turns out to be very immoral.

A sad end. The film starts off promisingly, then stretches out in a dull, elongated chase, and plummets down a black hole. **BABY: SECRET OF THE LOST LEGEND** ends up offering not a unique find, but rather a plot predating the Jurassic. □

FILM RATINGS

BACK TO THE FUTURE

Directed by Robert Zemeckis. Universal, 7/85. 116 mins. With: Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson.

At last, a science fiction film with a solidly constructed script (courtesy of Zemeckis and Bob Gale) that is logical, funny, and exciting. Fox is winning as the hero who travels back to 1955 in a time machine made out of a DeLorean in order to escape terrorists only to have his future mother—then a 17-year-old—fall in love with him. Lloyd is brilliant as the “mad” scientist who makes it possible and to whom Fox must go for help. Director Zemeckis has delivered an instant classic, as this is one of the most enjoyable SF films ever made. ●●●● DKF

THE BRIDE

Directed by Franc Roddam. Columbia, 8/85. With: Sting, Jennifer Beals, David Rappaport.

A ravishingly beautiful film, which manages to capture the poetry and pathos of Mary Shelley's monster story as no film has since 1935's *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. Surprisingly fine acting and splendid photography by Stephen H. Burum, combine with a fascinating storyline that begins where the 1935 film left off; only here, the monster escapes the tower after being rejected by his bride, and his intended mate becomes a free-spirited lady, who bristles at Dr. Frankenstein's attempts to control her life. Meanwhile the monster teams up with a dwarf (an excellent performance from *TIME BANDITS*' David Rappaport), and the two become great friends while performing for a circus in Budapest.

Franc Roddam has made a jewel of a film, which manages to synthesize elements of Cocteau, Franju, Fellini, and

Whale into a wholly satisfying experience, with a freshness that makes it difficult to believe this story has been told dozens of times before.

●●●● Lawrence French

COCOON

Directed by Ron Howard. 20th Century-Fox, 6/85. 92 mins. With: Wilford Brimley, Don Ameche, Brian Dennehy, Steve Guttenberg, Tahnee Welch.

So what if the story about four inept Antarians sent to earth to rescue thirty cocoons has plot holes large enough to fly their massive spacecraft through? Who cares if the group of old codgers, using the aliens' swimming pool for its rejuvenation abilities end up being smarter than any of the so-called superior forces? If you liked the wonderful banalities of *STARMAN*, or are content with the sugary unrealities of a Disney film, then you won't mind terribly that the aliens can levitate a 60-foot schooner but can't pick up a few rocks from the sea. Come on, Ronnie. Didn't your days with Aunt Bea teach you anything about story analysis?

● Les Paul Robley

D.A.R.Y.L.

Directed by Simon Wincer. Paramount, 6/85. 100 mins. With: Mary Beth Hurt, Michael McKean, Kathryn Walker, Colleen Camp, Josef Sommer.

A cyborg is a human brain with one or more mechanical body parts. D.A.R.Y.L. is just the opposite—completely flesh and blood except for his brain, which is a computer. If you are willing to swallow this premise, then you can probably accept the rest of the implausibilities in this charming, sentimental tale of a perfect robot boy, which seems more like a Spielberg film than *GOONIES*. Barrett Oliver, who didn't get to do much in *THE NEVER-ENDING STORY*, over-



The demonic presence of *SUPERSTITION*, a slice 'em, dice 'em low-budgeter.

compensates here as a kid who flies jet planes and drives a speeding car, among other things. There are echoes of *WAR GAMES* and *E.T.* As a summer movie for the undemanding popcorn set, it provides your money's worth.

●●● JPH

THE EMERALD FOREST

Directed by John Boorman. Embassy, 6/85. 114 mins. With: Powers Booth, Meg Foster, William Rodriguez, Yara Vaneau, Charley Boorman.

This one has it all: great characters, a wonderful story, rousing action, and a mystical sense of the supernatural that sends tingles up your spine. Boorman's mixture of fact with fantasy is audacious and inspired, reestablishing him (after misfires like *EXORCIST II* and *EXCALIBUR*) as one of the most interesting talents working in the genre. Son Charley Boorman turns in a tour-de-force performance as a young boy kidnapped and raised by Brazilian Indians who have no contact with the outside world. Boorman uses the premise to comment on man's rape of the environment, genocide, and our loss of spiritual connectedness to the natural world around us. Powers Booth is electrifying as the heroic father who searches to find his son. The best film of the year.

●●●● FSC

EXPLORERS

Directed by Joe Dante. Paramount, 7/85. 109 mins. With: Ethan Hawke, River Phoenix, Jason Presson, Robert Picardo, Dick Miller, Robert Picardo.

Everyone is entitled to one disaster, and this is Joe Dante's. It appears that his sequence in the *TWILIGHT ZONE* movie was so popular that he decided to form an entire film around a cartoon sequence. The result is uninspired, insipid fantasy

which slowly, ever so slowly, builds to a one-line joke: the director's Looney-Tunes concept of aliens as TV fans. Poor editing and obvious massive cuts leave a good many character and plot strings dangling. The line between wonder and the absurd so well-trod by the Spielberg school of filmmaking is so narrow that one slip can be fatal. Dante has taken a leap in the wrong direction.

● DS

THE GOONIES

Directed by Richard Donner. Warner Bros., 6/85. 111 mins. With: Sean Astin, Josh Brolin, Jeff Cohen, Corey Feldman, Kerri Green.

This one just may be a film you have to be a kid to enjoy. If your idea of fun is endangering your life in claustrophobic, booby-trapped caverns, with water dripping on you, then you must be a Goonie. After a lot of dull spots, there are a couple of opportunities for laughs and tears, most provided by Sloth, wonderfully played by John Matuszak in monster makeup created by Craig Reardon and the Burman's Studio. A couple of matte painting set pieces are nice. Merely okay. ●● JPH

LIFEFORCE

Directed by Tobe Hooper. Tri-Star, 6/85. 100 mins. With: Steve Railsback, Frank Finlay, Peter Firth.

Apart from a few lively shock scenes, an object lesson in failure. Merges Colin Wilson's taut, austere, un-pulp novel, *Space Vampires* (the antithesis of this lurid mess, despite the title change), with Richard Matheson's *I Am Legend*—uncredited, of course. Excluding Frank Finlay (in a scholarly role reportedly turned down by John Gielgud), everyone is miscast. The effects are good; at least all the money is on the screen. ● BK

MAD MAX BEYOND THUNDERDOME

Directed by George Miller and George Ogilvie. Warner Bros., 7/85. 106 mins. With: Mel Gibson, Tina Turner, Angelo Rossitto, Helen Buday, Rod Zuanie, Frank Thring, Bruce Spence.

The best post-apocalyptic series to hit the screen continues with the third outing for Mel Gibson's mad Max. George Miller further defines his arid-wasteland world by presenting the rudimentary revival of civilization represented by Barter Town, a capitalistic oasis. The gladiatorial combat in the Thunderdome will become an instant classic. The film slows in spots however, especially when Gibson comes across a tribe of children awaiting the arrival of a messiah. Titanic Tina Turner is fine as Auntie, the mistress of Barter Town. A satisfying blend of story, action and design make this a winner. ●● DS

MARK OF THE DEVIL

Directed by Val Guest. 20th Century-Fox (USA Cable TV network), 5/85. 75 mins. With: Dirk Benedict, Jenny Seagrove, Burt Kwouk.

Trite, tepid modern horror. Representative part of a package of 1984 TV movies now called Fox Mystery Theatre, which is all that remains of Roy Skeggs' and Brian Lawrence's second failed attempt to revive Hammer Films. Pulp-level Brian Clemens script has Benedict (the obligatory American lead) cursed with a growing tattoo by murder victim Kwouk. Story editor Don Houghton is worst of '70s Hammer hacks. ● BK

PALE RIDER

Directed by Clint Eastwood. Warner Bros., 6/85. With: Clint Eastwood, Michael Moriarty, Carrie Snodgrass, Christopher Penn, Richard Dysart.

Eastwood does the flip-side of *HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER*, in which he played a

Barret Oliver as D.A.R.Y.L., a robot brain in an organic shell.



THE ROMANCE OF BETTY BOOP doesn't match the old cartoons.



FILM RATINGS

demon-cowboy sent from Hell. This time Eastwood is heaven-sent, in answer to a young girl's prayer, to oppose a ruthless mining tycoon bent on claim-jumping the site of a hard-working community of gold-panners. Eastwood, a dead man, faces-off against the corrupt Marshall who killed him, at the climax. The supernatural touches are nicely understated, but never really mesh with the traditional western story, which probably would have been better without them. ●● FSC

THE RAY BRADBURY THEATRE

Directed by Paul Lynch. HBO, 5/85, 30 mins. With: James Coco, Leslie Nielsen, Jayne Eastwood, Kenneth Welsh.

HBO's commitment to film three Bradbury stories has been expanded to 13. The show is introduced by Bradbury himself, in a clever depiction of where a writer gets his ideas—in this case an attic-like writing room chock full of bizarre artifacts. The first story, "Marionettes, Inc.," with a screenplay by Bradbury, concerned a computer salesman (Coco) who is hounded by the titular company. When he goes to their office to find out why, he discovers a robot replica of himself. If he forks over his life savings the robot will take over his boring life, leaving Coco to do whatever he desires. Coco agrees, but has second thoughts when he sees how well the robot gets on with his wife. ● JPH

RED SONJA

Directed by Richard Fleischer. MGM-UA, 6/85, 89 mins. With: Brigitte Nielsen, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Sandahl Bergman, Paul Smith.

A robust, fun filled cinematic comic book that follows in the Conan tradition. Nielsen is fine as the redheaded swordswoman bent on vanquishing a talisman that can destroy the world; Bergman seems to enjoy her chance to camp it up as the villainous Gedren; and Schwarzenegger is a Conan clone out to aid and bed Sonja, but first he has to overcome her vow of celibacy. Typically top-flight DeLaurentiis production values and massive sets help to enliven the sword and sorcery world. ●● DS

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD

Directed by Dan O'Bannon. Orion, 8/85, 91 mins. With: Clu Gulager, James Karen, Don Calla, Linnea Quigley.

A hilarious, tension-filled horror film. A noxious gas developed by the military brings the dead back to life with an insatiable hunger for live brains. Clu Gulager leads a delightfully panic-stricken cast in trying to avoid the zombie

FILM TITLE	GOOD			MEDIocre			WORTHLESS	
	FSC	AM	JPH	DKF	BK	KC	DS	
BABY: SECRET OF THE LOST LEGEND / B.W.L. Norton, Touchstone, 3/85, 93 mins.	●	○	●●	●	●		●	
BACK TO THE FUTURE / Robert Zemeckis, Universal, 7/85, 116 mins.	●●●	●●	●●●●	●●●●	●	●●●	●●●	
CAT'S EYE / Lewis Teague, MGM-UA, 4/85, 89 mins.	●●●	○	●●	●	●●	●	●●	
COCOON / Ron Howard, 20th Century-Fox, 6/85, 92 mins.	●●●	●●	●●●	●●	●	●●	●●●	
A COMPANY OF WOLVES / Neil Jordan, Cannon, 4/85, 95 mins.	●●	●	●●●	●●	●●●●		●●	
THE CREATURE / Bill Malone, Transworld Ent., 3/85.		○		●●	●			
D.A.R.Y.L. / Simon Wincer, Paramount, 6/85, 100 mins.	●	○	●●	●●	●		●●	
THE DUNGEONMASTER / Band, Turko, Buechler, etc., Empire Pictures, 2/85, 73 mins.	○		○	●			●	
THE EMERALD FOREST / John Boorman, Embassy, 6/85, 114 mins.	●●●●					●●●	●●●	
E.T. / Steven Spielberg, Universal, 7/85, 115 mins. (re-release).	●●●●	●●	●●●	●	●●●	●●	●●●●	
EXPLORERS / Joe Dante, Paramount, 7/85, 109 mins.	●		●●			●●●	●	
FANTASIA / Armstrong, Luske, etc., Buena Vista, 1/85 (re-release), 114 mins.	●●●●	●●●●	●●●	●●●●	●●●●	●●●	●●	
FRIDAY THE 13TH: A NEW BEGINNING / Paramount, 3/85, 75 mins.	●●		○	●	○	○	●●	
GHOLLIES / Luca Bercovici, Empire Pictures, 1/85.	●		●●	●	○	○	●	
THE GOONIES / Richard Donner, Warner Bros, 6/85, 111 mins.	●●	○	●●	●●	●	○	●●	
LADYHAWKE / Richard Donner, Warner Bros & Fox, 3/85, 124 mins.	●●●	●	●	●●	●●	●●●	●●	
LIFEFORCE / Tobe Hooper, Tri-Star, 6/85, 100 mins.	●●●●		●●	●	●	●	●●	
MAD MAX BEYOND THUNDERDOME / Miller & Ogilvie, Warner Bros, 7/85, 106 mins.	●●			●●	●●●	●●	●●	
PALE RIDER / Clint Eastwood, Warner Bros, 6/85.	●●						●	
PERILS OF GWENDOLINE / Just Jaeckin, Samuel Goldwin Co., 1/85, 88 mins.	○	○			○		●	
THE PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO / Woody Allen, Orion, 1/85, 82 mins.	●●	●	●●	●●	●●●	●●		
RED SONJA / Richard Fleischer, MGM-UA, 6/85, 89 mins.	●				○	●	●●	
RETURN OF THE JEDI / Richard Marquand, 20th Century-Fox, 5/85, 133 mins (re-release).	●	●●●	●●●●		●●	●●●●	●●●●	
RETURN TO OZ / Walter Murch, Buena Vista, 6/85, 110 mins.	●●	●	●●●	●	●●		●●	
THE TERMINATOR / James Cameron, Orion, 10/84, 94 mins.	●●●●	●●●	●●	●●●	○	●●	●●●	
A VIEW TO A KILL / John Glen, MGM-UA, 5/85, 131 mins.	●	○	●	●●	●		●●	

FSC/Frederick S. Clarke AM/Allen Malmquist JPH/Judith P. Harris DKF/Dennis K. Fischer BK/Bill Kelley KC/Kyle Counts DS/Dan Scapperotti

hoards rising out of the local cemetery. Terrific makeup and special effects make it all believable. Only an inadequate rock score and abrupt finale mar the proceedings. Better than DAY OF THE DEAD. ●●● DS

RETURN TO OZ

Directed by Walter Murch. Buena Vista, 6/85, 110 mins. With: Nicol Williamson, Jean Marsh, Fairuz Balk, Piper Laurie.

It would seem a difficult task to make a colorful, exciting place like Oz dreary, but director Murch has succeeded in doing just that. Oz is in ruins and Dorothy must return there to save her old friends and make some new ones. The John R. Neill drawings of the

original books are wonderfully brought to life and former sound man Murch has given each character a distinctive sound, but the only light-hearted aspect of this film is the fuss the villain's make over a chicken. As a result, the film lacks the essential quality that THE WIZARD OF OZ has, it just isn't any fun. ● DKF

THE ROMANCE OF BETTY BOOP

Directed by Bill Melendez. CBS-TV, 4/85, 24 mins. With the voice of Desiree Goyette.

Mendelson-Melendez Productions offers up a faithful drawing of animation's reigning queen, and wisely keeps her out of the 1980s, but still, that

ain't it folks: storyline and voice tinge Betty Boop's personality not with a fresh, shy sex appeal, but with an almost cynical cuteness. It's a hairs-breadth difference, but an all important one. ○ AM

SUPERSTITION

Directed by Ed Carlin. Almi Films, 5/85, 84 mins. With: James Houghton, Albert Salmi.

Almi, horror's new sub-basement sleaze distributor, hauls another unreleased stiff off the shelf. At least this one—about a church with a haunted house for rent—was made here, and didn't need dubbing. Stacy Keach, Sr. (TV's Clarence Birdseye) takes a buzz-saw in the chest, but it and

other bursts of gore fail to alleviate the boredom. ○ BK

Produced in 1982, about a 200 year-old witch who haunts a newly renovated church residence where a pastor and his family have come to live. The demonic presence manages to wipe out the cast in gruesome fashion. The gore effects are well done by Bill Munns and others. ● DS

TEEN WOLF

Directed by Rod Daniel. Atlantic Releasing, 6/85, 95 mins. With: Michael J. Fox, James Hampton, Scott Paulin, Susan Ursitti.

Cute, Disney-like teenage shaggy dog story with high school nerd falling victim to lycanthropy with comic results, including a winning basketball team. The scene between the hairy teenager (Fox) and his really understanding dad (Hampton) is the film's highlight with pop explaining that, "Werewolves are people just like everybody else." Tom Burman's makeup is played for laughs rather than scares. There's not a torn throat in sight. While fun, the film is too derivative to make a real impression. ●● DS

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Directed by Wes Craven. CBS-TV, (premieres Sept. 85), 60 mins. With: Robert Klein, Melinda Dillon, Annie Potts.

If the full series is anything like the two brief segments ("Wordplay," "Just a Little Peace & Quiet") previewed for TV critics, it'll be great—leagues ahead of the recent Hitchcock TV reprise. It's witty, creepy, and relevant. A new credits logo (with an eerie Grateful Dead theme backing it) is just right, and creative consultant Harlan Ellison and producer Phil De Guere (two longtime "T.Z." admirers) are doing well by Serling. He'd be pleased. ●●● BK

A VIEW TO A KILL

Directed by John Glen. MGM-UA, 5/85, 131 mins. With: Roger Moore, Christopher Walken, Patrick Macnee, Grace Jones, Tanya Roberts.

Bottom-drawer Bond on a \$30 million budget. Moore sleepwalks through it, Walken (in a mannered, atypically sloppy performance) is a dull villain. Grace Jones perishes in a hoary cliché out of silent movies, the title makes no sense, the best actor (Patrick Macnee) is killed early, the opening reshapes the prologue of THE SPY WHO LOVED ME, and there are precious few gadgets. Other than that, it's great. ● BK

As Roger Moore jokingly tells Patrick Macnee to hurry up with the bags, you can just hear the latter thinking, "I was twice the agent you'll ever be." ○ AM

REVIEWS

The body count continues, with a dash of Kung-Fu & comedy

FRIDAY THE 13th— A NEW BEGINNING

A Paramount Pictures release. 3/85, 92 mins. In color. Director, Danny Steinmann. Producer, Timothy Silver. Executive producer, Frank Mancuso Jr. Screenplay, Martin Kitrosser, David Cohen, Danny Steinmann. Assistant director, Leon Dudevoir. Editor, Bruce Green. Production designer, Robert Howland. Special makeup effects, Martin Becker. Director of photography, Stephen L. Posey.

Tommy Jarvis	John Shepard
Pam	Melanie Kinnaman
Reggie	Shavar Ross
Dr. Matthew Peters	Richard Young
Ethel Hubbard	Carol Laccatell
George	Vernon Washington
Joey	Dominic Brascia
Violet	Tiffany Helm
Tina	Debbisse Voorhees
Eddie	John Robert Dixon
Junior Hubbard	Ron Sloan

by Bill George

At the tender age of three years old, I witnessed a rather bizarre demonstration of reprisal that was featured on a television broadcast of Laurel and Hardy's COMECLEAN (1931). Stan Laurel, fully clothed and seated in a bathtub brimming with water, was blissfully unaware of the casualties he launched on his pal's domestic life during a single evening. A fuming Oliver Hardy restrained himself from vengeance until Stan capped the misadventures with a typically indiscreet fadeout line. The final straw broken, Ollie literally pulled the (bathtub) plug on his sidekick and Stan plunged down the drain. Ollie answers Mrs. Laurel's inquiry about the sudden absence of her husband with "he's gone to the beach."

Twenty-five years later the memory of COME CLEAN resurfaced during a screening of FRIDAY

THE 13TH—A NEW BEGINNING, specifically during one scene that revised Laurel and Hardy's habits of reciprocal destruction into modern wish fulfillment: a hulking maladjusted youth, handed an axe by less than vigilant guardians, is shredding logs into kindling wood (surely the most contrived depiction of aggressive therapy ever documented on film). Enter a nerd, a vexatious, fat slob whose every breath is drawn to consume junk-food and deafen helpless mortals with ceaseless whining. This wandering bore provokes the patience and, finally, sanity of the axe-wielder who turns the average person's fantasy into reality: he chops the blowhard into enough pigskin to upholster the NFL football float. The audience empathized with the "hatchet man," greeting his act of impetuosity with a round of applause.

The intent of the filmmakers, however, was not necessarily to provide black comedy relief, but to elect a red herring as Jason Voorhees reincarnate (the "original" Jason bit the dust in '84's Part IV episode; this year's addendum seeks a replacement for one of Paramount's most profitable non-contract players). If there's strength in numbers, this fifth installment of the FRIDAY THE 13TH series provides volume by tallying another crowd-pleasing body count.

But the routine carnage is no match for the (intentional?) humor prevalent in another scene: a female survivor of the surrogate Jason's rampage confronts the psychotic in



At the film's climax Pam Roberts (Melanie Kinnaman), the assistant director of a halfway house for disturbed youths, squares off against Jason with a chainsaw.

a climactic showdown. It appears she will enforce her own rescue by arming herself with a very intimidating chainsaw—that is, until her weapon's gas-powered engine runs dry and its whirling blade sputters to a timid halt. A similar gag was integrated into THE SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE though the humor was inherent in the film's scenario. Its encore here is ambiguously inserted as a device that may be alternately interpreted as fodder for suspense or a pratfall.

The horror content of the movie is far less memorable, exempting some tracking shots near the film's conclusion that abstractly suggest Jason II's annihilation of the entire world; the heroine lumbers through a fog-shrouded terrain that looks like a dryland voyage down the River Styx, complete with an illusory vision of human appendages (slain victims) growing into the nocturnal hinterland's rain-swept trees.

Another plus is Steinmann's use of Tommy Jarvis, the kid who dispatched Jason in the earlier film, who has grown up as a troubled teenager, played by John Shepard with all the quirky charm of an Anthony Perkins. Steinmann makes his film a character study of Jarvis, providing an anchor for the audience that no other film in the series has. Steinmann also makes Jarvis a martial arts expert, providing for some neat action sequences.

I have deliberately neglected to mention the plot since PART V is not so much a sequel as it is a remake of past PART I imitators. After all,

the universe of FRIDAY THE 13TH is cyclical; so predictable are the inevitable outcomes that ordinary *deja vu* is as refreshing as a rerun of I LOVE LUCY. At least this entry has initiated another avenue, along with the usual "sex begets violence" syndrome, that could prove catalytic to further fatalities. One of director Danny Steinmann's extended kill sequences is staged in an out-house. Future quarry should be forewarned, "don't go to the bathroom!"

Finally, the "whodunit" disclosure of Jason's successor—or, more aptly, his motive for inheriting Jason's disposition—is the screen's most embarrassing denouement. After the demise of the murderer, Shepard is introduced as the lunatic heir to the hockey mask, insuring the longevity of the series.

PART V, however, is not the worst of the series. The comedy, even if an unintended hybrid of bad writing, is so arbitrarily applied within an invariable formula that it proves more pleasantly shocking than the habitual servings of spilled innards. The result is a sort of reverse psychology which not only deflects the movie's aching familiarity, but—briefly extricating itself from the context of its genre-related constrictions—proves funnier than the "spoofs" that are more self-conscious of their humor, e.g., STUDENT BODIES, NATIONAL LAMPOON'S CLASS REUNION, WACKO, etc. Here's hoping that subsequent entries will be geared to subnormalize more humor with the horror. □

John Shepard in his film debut as Tommy Jarvis, the troubled teenager who dispatched Jason in the previous film and now becomes heir to the killer's legacy.



Danny Steinmann on directing FRIDAY THE 13TH: A NEW BEGINNING

By Dan Scapperotti

The familiarity of the FRIDAY THE 13TH series is what director Danny Steinmann feels makes it a perennial money maker. Despite decreased production of slasher films in recent years, the annual horror tribute from Paramount Pictures never fails to turn a profit. "Every year it's like an event," said Steinmann in reference to the latest release. "Kids from broken homes always have FRIDAY THE 13TH to look forward to. The audience is about 50% ethnic. They're very blue collar."

Steinmann broke into the commercial film market as an associate producer for the legendary Gene Roddenberry and worked on several TV movies in the '70s, including a stint in England on the supernatural series pilot SPECTRE (1977). Although FRIDAY THE 13TH: A NEW BEGINNING is being touted as Steinmann's second feature, it is actually his third. "I directed and wrote THE UNSEEN with Barbara Bach, but I took my name off of it. What was released was a bastardized version of my film. It wasn't my vision at all."

Last year the director helmed the Linda Blair exploitation film SAVAGE STREETS which led to the FRIDAY THE 13TH assignment. Steinmann was handed a storyline within which he could do whatever he wanted, and spent three-and-a-half weeks rewriting the script. "Jason was dead," he said. "They'd gotten rid of their Darth Vader, which I thought was a big mistake. I had a lot of freedom. Fortunately [producer] Frank Mancuso was good. He listened."

Since the former films hadn't delved into any one character, Steinmann decided he would try a character study using Tommy Jarvis as his focal point for the story. "I went through fifty Tommys before we found John Shepherd," said Steinmann. "We didn't get this Tommy until the last day before we started



Danny Steinmann

filming. We were panic-stricken. Everything hinged around the kid being sensitive and believable. If we had gone with the Tommy we were about to settle on the picture would have been unreleasable."

The original script was a continuation of part four with young Tommy going to the hospital where they've taken Jason. Tommy kills the

nurses and the sheriff and then has a confrontation with Jason as he rises from the operating table. It then cut to a mental institution with Tommy waking up screaming, instead of going to the halfway house as in the film. Steinmann rewrote the prologue, placing it in a graveyard during a violent storm.

"I contributed all the hallucination scenes to the script," he said. "The first scenes where Tommy sees Jason coming out of the grave. They had Tommy talking a lot and I didn't want him to talk at all so I cut back on his dialogue."

The film series is noted for its graphic violence which has been increasingly the target of the MPAA censors since the first film was released. The censor's axe fell heavily on A NEW BEGINNING. Steinmann was forced to return to the MPAA nine times before the requisite R rating was bestowed on his film.

"The violence in the film is about 10% of what I shot," bemoaned the director. "Consequently there is very little blood in this one, but the body count is much higher. Every kill was cut, starting with the first axe in the back. What you see is a kid leaving frame about to swing an axe, and a close-up of the victim screaming with the kid vaguely in the background. What was shot was a wide shot of the kid with the axe, and the victim coming towards the camera. The axe bursts through his back, blood spurting out all over. It was a good shot. It had about six chops, but they said 'No good.'"

The throat slashing scene was reduced optically to a bloodless close-up of the victim's face. The



Jason, the machete-wielding king of slasher films, returns in his fifth outing.

demise of the waitress originally had an axe going into her body as she falls to the ground quivering. "They said no quivering. We also had to cut the axe, so all you see is her lying on the ground."

Steinmann hated to see some of the gore go because it was responded to favorably by preview audiences. "There were two really big jolts, like the head falling out in JAWS, and they were cut. One was when the guy on the motorcycle gets his head chopped off. Everybody jumped. In the original version it was in three pieces. It was much richer."

Steinmann also bemoaned the fate of another important effects shot.

"The girl with no tits that was killed on the bed had a machete coming up through her that was cut. You get the idea, but you don't see the effect that Marty Becker made."

Also trimmed was extensive nudity shot by Steinmann, who helmed an X-rated porn hit called HIGHRISE in the late sixties. If the director had known how seriously the censors would tamper with the film he estimates he could have cut his 33-day shooting schedule to about 25 days. Some of the effects shots took five or six hours just to set up. The effects budget took only \$60,000

continued on page 60

The body count continues: motorcycle-riding Junior Hubbard (Ron Sloan) gets his head lopped-off (left), and a teenage punk (Corey Parker) gets his throat slashed.



Romero's new 'Living Dead' sequel is in a class by itself

DAY OF DEAD

A United Film Dist. Co. presentation of a Laurel Film. 7/85, 102 mins. In color. Written and directed by George Romero. Producer, Richard Rubinstein. Executive Producer, Salah M. Hassanein. Co-Producer, David Ball. Director of Photography, Michael Gornick. Special effects makeup, Tom Savini. Associate producer, Ed Lammi. Production designer, Cletus Anderson. Original score, John Harrison. Art Director, Bruce Miller.

Sarah Lori Cardille
John Terry Alexander
Rhodes Joe Pilato
Dr. Logan Richard Liberty
Miquel Anthony DiLeo, Jr.
Bub Howard Sherman

by Dan Scapperotti

Seventeen years have passed since fledgling filmmaker George Romero scared "the life out of us" with *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*, which became an instant cult classic. The second part of his announced zombie trilogy appeared in 1979, the blood-drenched *DAWN OF THE DEAD*. Now Romero has delivered his latest epic of zombies on the loose which may or may not be the final installment.

Romero's new film is in a class by itself, far removed from the schlock horror that has dampened ardor for the genre in recent years. A well-paced, viable plot, dependent on strong characterizations, precipitates the horror elements, delivering scares at just the right time. Originality is the keynote with Romero, who has dared to plumb new avenues with such films as *KNIGHTRIDERS* and *MARTIN* despite uncertain commercial potential. *DAY OF THE DEAD* is an effective suspense thriller that compliments the series

Fisher (John Amplas) and Sarah (Lori Cardille) are part of the scientific research team. Amplas starred as the teenaged-vampire in *MARTIN*, an early Romero film.



Zombies caged in an underground research facility to investigate ways to control them, makeups supervised by Tom Savini.

with a combination of graphic horror and unforced dark humor.

As in previous films the plot focuses on a small group of survivors holed up in a tenuous sanctuary attempting to ward off the growing zombie hordes that surround them. The frame house in *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* and the shopping mall in *DAWN OF THE DEAD* are replaced by an underground missile silo (a Pennsylvania limestone mine) as a claustrophobic

haven for the living. In their underground bunker, reached by a mammoth elevator, a group of scientists are feverishly working to find a final solution to the zombie problem. A military unit has been assigned to protect the researchers, but the zombies have cut the group's strength drastically. The silo is enhanced by 14 miles of tunnels used for storage. Captured creatures are used as guinea pigs by the maniacal Dr. Logan (Richard Liberty). A manned wooden barrier keeps the zombies away from the living quarters.

The medico, dubbed Dr. Frankenstein by both the soldiers and his colleagues, has secretly abandoned his search for a means of destroying the creatures and instead tries to domesticate and control the monsters. He has met with some success with Bub (Howard Sherman), but at a gruesome price.

The prime menace throughout most of the film is not the monsters lurking above, but the terror and desperation below that has pitted the military against the scientists. When the commanding officer of the unit dies, Captain Rhodes (Joseph Pilato) assumes command. Near the breaking point and frustrated at the lack of progress against the flesh eaters, he feels that his authority is threatened. In a tension-filled scene in the dining hall (which runs a bit

too long), Rhodes threatens the scientist if he fails to obey his orders.

Lushly photographed, the film opens with a search team landing in Fort Myers, Florida. The chopper's occupants include: Sarah (Lori Cardille), the scientific team's leader searching for other living humans on a seacoast awash with the walking dead; John, (Terry Alexander), the helicopter pilot who is convinced that the research is in vain; Bill, a jaded electronics expert and radio operator; and the ill-fated Miquel (Anthony DiLeo, Jr.), Sarah's love interest, who has cracked under the strain of living in a world overrun with flesh-eating monsters.

Palm trees sway and litter blows around the deserted streets. Hundred dollar bills are scattered along the ground in front of the bank, testifying to the collapse of civilization. A 500 lb. alligator lies on the bank steps until it is aroused by a swarm of zombies that shamble out of the building. The deserted city scene is one of the most convincing, optically unenhanced, in the annals of horror films. The atmosphere of desolation is complete. The appearance of the walking dead punctuates the emptiness of the surroundings.

The actors are uniformly good with Lori Cardille and Joseph Pilato especially effective as antagonists.

continued on page 52

George Romero on directing DAY OF THE DEAD

By Paul Gagne

Shortly before the release of DAY OF THE DEAD, director George Romero resigned from active participation in Laurel Productions. Partnered with producer Richard Rubinstein, Laurel produced DAY OF THE DEAD as well as earlier Romero films MARTIN, DAWN OF THE DEAD, and CREEPSHOW. Romero remains a stockholder in the company and is still contractually committed to Laurel to direct Stephen King's PET SEMETARY as well as a project developed with Marvel Comics.

Now a free agent, Romero is seeking representation in Hollywood and assignments on non-Laurel productions. The long-time Pittsburgh resident has also recently relocated to Florida, on the island where they filmed DAY OF THE DEAD.

The following interview by Paul Gagne is excerpted from a forthcoming issue to be devoted to "The Films of George Romero."

At what point did the zombie "trilogy" become a trilogy?

Right away. It always was, in my mind. There were always three parts to the story. They weren't dominant. All three parts were at the farmhouse. The third part was just a paragraph or two.

It was a story I wrote before I ever started to write the NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD screenplay; a couple of years before that. I started to take the first part of it and turn it into a screenplay. There wasn't really very much detail in it. Jack Russo took over at some point after we started to shoot. But I never anticipated doing three movies, let alone four, or whatever else this may become!

Is DAY OF THE DEAD starting to spark any interest in a fourth picture?

No, I don't think so. I have kind of a sick feeling that it might not. It's not



George Romero directs a scene with Richard Liberty, the film's mad experimenter.

gonna get a huge release.

United Film Distributors is only going to work a few hundred prints. They can never be competitive with advertising, partly because it's unrated and partly because UFD is such a small company—they can't compete with Paramount; the big boys. So I don't know how long the film can survive against big product. None of them have ever had a wide audience. They have a kind of loyal cadre of people that keep coming back to support them. On that small scale Salah Hassanein at UFD has been able to make some money on them, but they don't go out and blow the roof off.

Also, I don't know whether it will pull an audience.

The three zombie films are very different in texture. NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD has a gritty, harsh, realistic quality; DAWN OF THE DEAD is flashier, more comic book and slapstick. How do you compare DAY OF THE DEAD with the others?

I think it is a lot closer to DAWN OF THE DEAD simply because Mike Gornick shot it, so it has a lot of his style layed on top of it. Its tone isn't quite as bawdy. It's not as silly. It's

really harsh. It's very arch—the characters are bigger and broader than life, but it's still pretty light-hearted and good-natured! I think it's very accessible. It's kind of 80's idiomatic, almost like a video, in a way. Very fast-paced.

So the eighties have crept in.

With the original script that was more inherent in the material. I'm just talking about texture. I always liked the idea that the first film reflected the late sixties in personality, and the second one the mid-seventies. And this one might have an eighties personality; it sort of does, texturally.

Producer Richard Rubinstein maintains that in cutting down the original DAY OF THE DEAD script, you eliminated a lot of material that would only have wound up on the cutting room floor, anyway.

That's misleading; the script is not a cut-down. It's a completely different script. I backed up in time. I went back to a point where this military team was first sent down into this cave. I wrote out a character named Balthesar and a sort of civilian contingent. I took it back to a point where the scientists first got the bright idea to feed the zombies. It's a

completely different script, and this script was never longer than 88 pages. It's not a cut-down script. I changed it, and it was really a wrenching, radical change in my mind. And I only had about three weeks to do it.

If you shot the original script, would it have been three hours?

It would have been long; there's no question about that. But I did an on-paper edit of that script at 204 pages and ultimately got it down to 122 pages—something like that. With a fine edit that's a two-hour film.

You've mentioned that you regard a zombie, Bub, as the film's central character.

Yeah, even though Sarah's character (acted by Lori Cardille) represents the audience. Everything happens through her eyes. But in terms of the films collectively, I think Bub's the key. He ain't nothin' more than a misunderstood monster! Howard Sherman just did such a wonderful job with the part.

I understand Howard Sherman had an interesting audition.

He brought props—a turkey leg!—and he was just great. He's a wonderful mime, and that's what you have to be to do the zombies really well. Some of the stuff he does is so subtle that you can watch it and watch it and it keeps getting better.

Is Lori Cardille the daughter of "Chilly Billy" Cardille, the Pittsburgh television host of "Chiller Theatre" who appeared in NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD?

Yeah! I've known her dad for a long time. It's delightful to me that he's in NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. I'm delighted to have Lori in this film. Bill was a real supporter of ours in those days, and he really kept us going. He would talk about us on the air a lot, and I think he had a lot to do with our ability to ultimately raise money and finish the movie. Simply because he would talk about us to his audience. It gave us that extra bit of credibility. Plus he came out and was in the film—and brought the news guys from the station and some valuable props that we couldn't afford! □

Left: The first zombie seen in the film. Middle: Rhodes (Joe Pilato), the military megalomaniac, after zombies make-off with his legs. Right: A zombie goes bowling.



Effects showcase cobbled together on the cheap

THE DUNGEONMASTER

An Empire Pictures release. 2/85, 73 mins. In color. Directors, Charles Band, David Allen, Steve Ford, John Carl Buechler, Rosemarie Turko, Steve Ford, Peter Monoogian, Ted Nicolaou. Producer, Charles Band. Production designer, Julie Stroh. Editors, Marc Leif and Ted Nicolaou. Screenplay, Allen Actor.

Paul Bradford Jeffrey Byron
Mestema Richard Moll
Gwen Leslie Wing
Heavy Metal Blackie Lawless
Slasher Danny Dick

by Janrae Frank

Seven directors, each with a different interpretation of the way the actors present their characters, make this film seem creakily episodic and cobbled together. The plot is slight and parallels the action of many fantasy role-playing games, such as "Dungeons and Dragons" (which took legal action to make sure the public wasn't confused).

Hero Paul Bradford (Jeffrey Byron) is a computer genius linked up to his pet computer, ExcaliBR8, by way of special glasses. He is whisked to an alternate dimension along with his dancer girlfriend (Leslie Wing) by Mestema (Richard Moll), actually the devil who wants to pit his powers against the computer. Mestema challenges Paul to four contests, but actually ends up subjecting him to seven perils though the reason for the change is never given.

Jeffrey Byron as Paul comes across flat, like a blond Christopher Reeve. Girlfriend Leslie Wing lacks conviction in a part that consists mostly of one liners like "Zap him, Paul." Richard Moll as Mestema actually manages to be convincingly menacing, but falls flat in a climax that is poorly conceived and written.

Stop-motion animator-turned-director David Allen's segment, "Stone Canyon Giant," works best as an effects showcase. When Byron's computer link is stolen by a pair of dwarves, he gives chase and



"Stone Canyon Giant," the film's stop-motion sequence directed by David Allen.

finds that they have left it on the altar of a giant stone statue which comes to life. The segment is lushly photographed, with fast pacing, and plot turns properly set up. But it's over in just a matter of minutes, and proves ultimately pointless like all of the segments.

Another interesting sequence is Charles Band's "Heavy Metal Challenge" which features the Los Angeles-based heavy metal band W.A.S.P. (whose singles *Animal*, *Schooldaze*, *B.A.D.*, and *On Your Knees* are available on Capitol Records) as the menace that Byron must overcome. The "Demons of the Dead" segment is also good fun. Makeup artist John Buechler, who directed the sequence, has Paul fight zombies presided over by a puppet-operated dwarf called Ratspit.

Peter Monoogian's "Cave Beast" is one of the least imaginative sequences, involving Byron in nothing more than a casual exchange of

thrown rocks with a demon. When Byron more or less accidentally brings down the cavern roof on the creature, it turns into a beautiful angel who thanks him for freeing her and vanishes.

In "Desert Pursuit," directed by Ted Nicolaou, a dwarf who drives a psychedelically painted tank engages Byron and Wing in an overly familiar car chase like those in countless *ROAD WARRIOR* rip-offs.

Steve Stafford's "Slasher" is highly derivative of *TIME AFTER TIME*. Byron is presented with a newspaper from the near future which reveals that in a matter of hours Wing will fall prey to a modern-day Jack the Ripper. This segment at least sports some reasonably suspenseful moments.

Rosemary Turko, the film's only woman director, turns in the least imaginative segment of all. Byron and Wing find themselves in an alien museum of frozen figures. When Mestema raises the temperature the statues—a werewolf, Jack the Ripper (again!) and Genghis Khan—come to life and menace the pair.

Only directors David Allen and Charles Band stage their action well. The fight scenes in the most primitive early westerns with their broadly swung exaggerated punches are better paced, timed and choreographed than most of the skirmishes here.

But the bottom line is that Byron and his computerized arsenal of lasers and sonic disintegrators never seem to be really challenged by Mestema's creations or the situations he is placed in. Even on its own terms—as a special effects showcase—*DUNGEONMASTER* doesn't quite succeed, because the effects themselves are not that well done. □

David Allen on the stop-motion for DUNGEONMASTER

David Allen first became involved in directing an episode of Charles Band's *DUNGEONMASTER* almost two years ago, as a test for working with Band on *THE PRIMEVALS*, a property they have in development together. Although Band had already directed his segment of the film, no clear story had been worked out. The film had been sold on the basis of its premise—a showcase of effects sequences—and it had to be delivered quickly. Band suggested doing a sequence which featured a large statue brought to life (as in *JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS*), and Allen agreed.

Allen spent two days on location, shooting mostly in continuity without storyboards; then three weeks, off-and-on, in the studio to do the effects. According to Allen, the finished segment is "heavily footnoted with explanations for why it didn't turn out better. We'd do something and think it was okay and then get the shot back from the lab—but we'd already be working on a new shot. A couple of shots are okay, but there are so many below-par scenes. I wanted to go back on location almost a year after the original shooting and redo the first shot of the statue in *Dynamation*—a split-screen effect all on the original negative. A good first shot would have better set the stage."

Allen would also have liked a chance to introduce the statue "more poetically, with music," but he never had an opportunity to speak with the film's composer, Richard Band. "A pause for mood and atmosphere would have given the sequence some intelligence, but in the time allotted I didn't think of it."

Besides doing animation for his own segment, Allen provided two effects for other sequences of the film: for an exploding car, Allen took an explosion he had photographed years ago and superimposed it on the shot; for the conclusion of the film he provided a shot of the evil magician falling into a lava pit. "Band came up with that at the last minute—the film was written as it went along. I did it for a few hundred dollars, using a six-inch doll, some old cliffs I'd used long ago, and oatmeal. I didn't think it would work, but with all the fire and smoke I put in there it came out, maybe not wonderful, but credible."

Although dissatisfied with the final result, Allen nevertheless enjoyed the experience. "I learned a lot," he said. "I got the camera where it needed to be. I enjoyed getting everything done in two days. I was scouting locations sometimes only twenty minutes ahead of the camera crew."

Steve Biodrowski

Jeffrey Byron and Ratspit in "Demons of the Dead," directed by John Carl Buechler.



Woody Allen uses the genre for his meditations on metaphysics

THE PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO

An Orion release. 1/85, 82 mins. In color. Director, Woody Allen. Producer, Robert Greenhut. Written by Woody Allen. Executive producer, Charles H. Joffe. Director of photography, Gordon Willis. Production designer, Stuart Wurtzel. Editor, Susan E. Morse. Music, Dick Hyman.

Cecilia Mia Farrow
Tom Baxter, Gil Shepherd Jeff Daniels
Monk Danny Aiello
Theatre Manager Irving Metzman
Cecilia's Sister Stephanie Farrow
Diner Boss David Kieserman

by Thomas Doherty

In *SHERLOCK, JR.* (1924), Buster Keaton plays a bored projectionist who falls asleep at the switch, strolls down the theatre aisle, and sleepwalks into the action onscreen, literally dreaming himself into the movies. Keaton's physical entry into his vision is a luminous metaphor for the psychological immersion of a viewer truly "spellbound in darkness." The imaginative insight found an apt accomplice in the director's technical inventiveness, the groundbreaking achievements in special effects sleight-of-hand he developed for the film's trick shots.

More than half a century later, this silent classic remains the touchstone for the Hollywood-on-Hollywood "meta-film," the modernist, anxiety-of-influence movie whose main subject is the medium itself. In America at least, the champion practitioner is Woody Allen. Even more than Allen's oft-spoken affinities for angst and alienation, the connecting thread in his work (visual and linear) has been an obsession with form, almost a mania for generic mimicry.

It's difficult to think of a popular convention that Allen has not cheerfully desecrated: spy stories (*CASINO ROYALE*), gangster bio-pics (*TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN*), SF (*SLEEPER*), Russian novels (*LOVE AND DEATH*), plus horror, historical drama, and "art" films, among others, in the various episodes of *EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX*. With the possible exception of his audacious experiment *WHAT'S UP TIGER LILY?* (an exercise in pure media mastery if ever there was one), Allen's most elaborate genre-bender is the recent *ZELIG*, a play-by-play send-up of first, *REDS*, and second, the whole nature of documentary "truth," and (not incidentally) a chance for the director and his cinematographer of choice (Gordon Willis) to display their technical virtuosity in matters filmic.

THE PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO is of a piece with *ZELIG*, showcasing again the imitative talents of Allen's backstage stock company:



Movie adventurer Jeff Daniels (in pith helmet) takes Depression-weary movie fan Mia Farrow into the film's action and introduces her to the heady New York social scene.

notably Willis, editor Susan E. Morse, and "period" composer Dick Hyman. Reversing the movement of *SHERLOCK JR.*, it is a complicated conceit in which function follows form. Cecilia (Mia Farrow) is a put-upon working wife whose only surcease of sorrow is the overripe matinee fare played at the Jewel, a theatre weathering the Depression quite nicely thanks to a menu of escapist tripe with titles like "Dancing Doughboys," and "Broadway Bachelors." Cecilia takes to a screwball adventure called *THE PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO*, especially its dashing, second male lead, "poet, explorer, adventurer," Tom Baxter (Jeff Daniels), pretty much the way the Woody Allen of *PLAY IT AGAIN*, *SAM* embraced Ingrid Bergman in *CASABLANCA*.

The feeling is apparently mutual, for at Cecilia's fifth viewing Tom impulsively steps down off the screen and spirits her away. His screen-stranded companions suddenly become characters in search of a player and begin bickering amongst themselves. The movie audience for their part grouse at the all-talk, no-action format, justifiably angered that their Hollywood mind candy has turned into an Antonioni film. Back in Hollywood, meanwhile, studio executives get word of the cinematic crisis and dispatch the actor who played Tom, Gil Sheppard (ditto Daniels), to coax his filmic self back into the movie. Got that?

Not to get too grandiose about all this, but the comedic possibilities of the premise co-exist with—are even subsumed by—Allen's philosophical peregrinations. Like the comedian's early stand-up bits, his *New Yorker* short stories, and selected

dialogue in his movies, *THE PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO* is a meditation on metaphysics. The narrative occupies the reel world, the real world, and the never-never land where worlds collide. The reel world is the ethical and physical universe of classic Hollywood cinema, circa 1935, a place both magical and moral, where people are pretty, witty, wealthy, and happy—and where anything within the strictures of the Production Code can happen.

As in *ZELIG*, Allen and Willis labor mightily to re-create the look and feel of the original. Unlike Mel Brooks' hyperbolic homage to James Whale's horror films for Universal in *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN*, Allen doesn't so much evoke his models as duplicate them. The film-within-a-film called *THE PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO* is a veritable xerox of an RKO or Paramount Depression-era screwball comedy, a master forgery of a production directed by the likes of Lubitsch, La Cava, or Sandrich, starring Edward Everett Horton or Eugene Pallette, and graced with an Art Deco set. (Allen could have pulled off releasing the "reel" *PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO* first, on the revival circuit.)

Of course the real world according to *THE PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO* is a vale of tears. Mia Farrow's born-victim waitress is heart-rending—preyed on by her husband, society, and rude diner patrons. Allen's version of Depression America has none of the overt artiness of the photographic tableaux in *PENNIES FROM HEAVEN*. This is a stark and unstylized landscape (one of the film's tastiest visual ironies is that the "reel"

ROSE—sharply focused, well lit, positively glistening—looks more lifelike in B&W than the "real" *ROSE*—dull, dark, washed out—does in color. As Mia's simian mate Monk, Danny Aiello could make Phyllis Schlafly a believer. He's shiftless, brutal, uncaring, and unfaithful—and he fights dirty, too. Life with this hissable husband is unrelied squalor and pain. Once, driven to desperation, Cecilia packs to leave, but (so Allen shows us) her only real alternative to domestic terror is prostitution of another sort. Clearly, this woman is ripe for a knight from the shimmering screen.

Having established a sure footing in reel and real worlds, Allen plays the ensuing tango fairly straight. His script scores the usual number of wry epigrams ("I just met a wonderful man. He's fictional, but you can't have everything."), but the humor mainly arises from carrying the conceit to its logical lengths: Tom trying to pay for a night out with phony movie money, Tom puzzled when his first kiss with Cecilia doesn't lead to a fade-out ("You make love without fading out?"), and Tom amidst a bevy of hookers in a brothel, invincibly ignorant of their function, anything forbidden by the Production Code being beyond his ken. All of which is more funny/clever than funny/ha-ha: Allen's film on film will have no one rolling in the aisles.

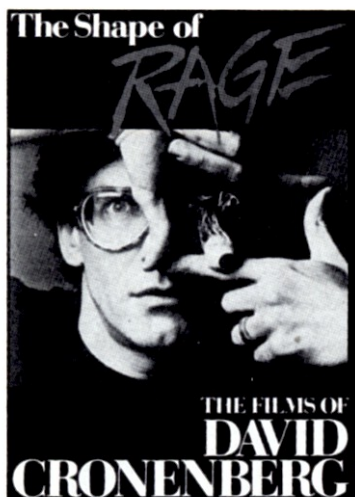
This is, in fact, a tragedy-comedy with the stress on the prefix. When the reel Tom absconds from the screen, the real Gil seeks out his wayward persona. The actor is soon competing with his character for the affections of their (mutual) biggest fan: Gil pitches woo, sings to Cecilia's ukelele accompaniment (in a particularly lovely musical break), offers to take her away from all this, and, in short, brings a bit of Hollywood to the quiet desperation of her New Jersey existence. Tom responds by taking her on a Keaton-like excursion through his home place, the "reel" *ROSE*. Her dowdy appearance doesn't mesh with the high-tone gems on screen, but through an expertly re-created "on the town" montage Tom and Cecilia dance away the reels. In the end, though, she cannot but declare herself for Gil, the flesh and blood man. "I have to chose the real world," she tells a crushed Tom.

What happens next is inevitable given the oppositions Allen has set up. Gil splits, leaving sobbing Cecilia to her life of New Jersey hopelessness. It is a cruel ending, all the more so because it seems mandated by thematic, not dramatic necessity.

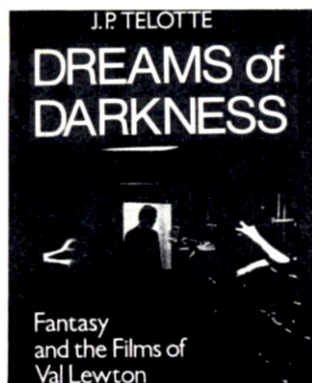
continued on page 52

HORROR FILMS AUTEUR STYLE

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DAY OF THE DEAD

continued from page 48

frustrated and frightened at forces beyond their control or understanding. Richard Liberty at times goes over the top as the mad doctor obsessed with his guinea pig; Howard Sherman gives just the right amount of pathos to his role as the zombie Bub, as he struggles to recall his former life.

Romero depends less on the blood and guts visuals, the trademark of the series. While Romero doesn't cringe from showing a zombie attack in gruesome detail, the gore is not as prevalent, and therefore more effective. Tom Savini and a six-man team were responsible for the extensive makeup effects that included dozens of zombie extras.

This time Romero goes even further with his tradition of introducing unlikely heroes. After presenting a black lead in the 1968 premier film, he now gives us a strong female lead in Lori Cardille, unhindered by sexual stereotype, and a *zombie* hero. Bub, who has an awareness uncharacteristic of the species thanks to some Pavlovian training by Dr. Logan, ends up in a vengeful gunfight with Rhodes as the latter flees through the underground corridors. All the white males in the film are depicted as either vicious or mad. The director infuses his story with strong, believable characters and realistic dialogue that may offend some. Strong language adds power to the confrontational scenes between Rhodes and Sarah.

The film's narrative structure closely follows that of the original film. The movie's basic conflict is between the scientists and the military. The external pressure of the zombies allows human foibles and emotions to run unchecked. Tension mounts because of the emotional breakdown of the group whose infighting and power struggles take up most of the screen time, with intermittent zombie skirmishes used to reinforce a sense of lurking danger. The slender thread that holds group antagonisms at bay is finally broken and all hell breaks loose underground when the soldiers learn that Logan has been using their comrades as fodder for the imprisoned zombies.

The action is deadly serious, but this doesn't prevent Romero from liberally sprinkling black humor throughout the proceedings. *DAY OF THE DEAD* is a horror film with a sense of humor that delivers. The zombies themselves, dressed in recognizable clothes representing their status in life (the bride and groom, a rock band, etc.) are funny while at the same time menacing. At one point Logan, peeved as any parent would be at the failure of a zombie to follow his instructions, turns out the lights in the laboratory—leaving the zombie chained to the wall—and admonishes, "You just think about it." □

PURPLE ROSE

continued from page 51

But if, like Cecilia, the audience feels cheated by Gil's betrayal, it is because they, like she, have let motion picture worlds dictate their expectations. Allen couldn't abide a Hollywood-end on his version of the *ROSE*, thus demolishing the scaffolding that holds together his own world view, a view of life expressed by a disbelieving Cecilia as "a movie with no point and no happy ending."

In the course of another meta-film, Preston Sturges' *SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS*, the protagonist, a comedy director with "serious" ambitions, learns that the pleasure he gives people with lightweight antics is more valuable than the sorrow he lays on them with preachy melodramas. To comedians like Sturges and Keaton, movies were a safe harbor, a happy place for temporary refuge and rejuvenation. For all his love of movies and his facility with film, Allen seems to view the medium as a fraud, a delusion that makes real life all the more miserable by offering a "reel" glimpse of what it might be. □

FRIDAY THE 13TH

continued from page 47

of the film's \$2 million production costs.

The characters of Ethel and Junior Hubbard, the real lunatics that live next door to the halfway house, Steinmann played for laughs, but their scenes were trimmed after negative reactions during previews. "The audiences wanted to get to the kills," said Steinman. "I approached it like a cartoon. You can't take it seriously. I had to take the transformation of Tommy seriously because my focus was going to be on him."

Most of the five-week shoot was done at night on location in and around Los Angeles with Camerino the prime location. The filming involved a lot of rain, necessitating the use of huge rain towers to simulate the storm scenes. The towers rise about 40 feet above the ground like giant teepees. Five towers must be spread around to give the even rainfall effect, and it takes a while for the water pressure to build up sufficiently to evenly spread the "rain" into the foreground and background. And you have to hide those towers from the camera's eye.

Corey Feldman reprised his role as young Tommy, Jason's killer in *FRIDAY THE 13TH: THE FINAL CHAPTER*. Steinmann had to wait for the young actor to finish his lead role in *GOONIES*. Steinmann had finished principal photography and had begun cutting and editing the film when Feldman became available—a month later. Steinman went back and spent two days filming the opening sequences with Feldman in the cemetery.

Next up for Danny Steinmann: *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT PART II*. □

TWILIGHT ZONE

continued from page 13

to fifteen hours to stay within the "per-day" budget. DeGuere and crew are keeping a careful eye on the dailies. CBS has been turning down two of every ten scripts as unsuitable for the network, indicating that though they are willing to let the producer do some experimenting, they still keep close watch over the appropriateness of the material. (DeGuere, by the way, has the rights for Clarke's "Childhood's End" which he has been trying to develop as either a series or a feature film and has also purchased the rights to *Armageddon Rag* by George R. R. Martin, which he apparently plans to develop as a feature.)

There is little overlap between writers and scenarists; few of the stories purchased are being scripted by their authors—and with 86 properties in different stages of development there is probably no other series employing as many writers in various capacities as the new TWILIGHT ZONE. (The production was less affected by the Writer's Guild strike earlier this year than were other new and ongoing shows. Most of the first thirteen installments were in final draft form and the series started shooting on schedule—though any on-set rewrites had to be either waived or postponed.) The large number of properties is due, in part to the format of the series. Each hour-long episode will contain three or more stories of varying length, some as short as a minute.

Ellison commented on what similarities to expect in the revived series: "The name has market value. It resonates. The only way we will trade on it, apart from the standard way in which the network will use it—TWILIGHT ZONE's back again folks: you liked it once, you'll love it again (commercial hype that has nothing to do with us)—is to acknowledge that it is an icon and the name means something. You know you're going to get a certain kind of show. Something that's going to try to beg your brain a little."

The most encouraging aspect of the new series is the executive staff's effort to get the best material available from the best writers in fantasy fiction. It is a common-sense approach virtually ignored by network television since the original TWILIGHT ZONE went off the air in 1964. But there is no guarantee this latest attempt at fantasy anthology programming will meet with greater success than its numerous predecessors. The series premieres in mid-September with a two-hour introductory installment, CBS pinning its hopes on TWILIGHT ZONE against NBC's Spielberg-produced AMAZING STORIES. If there is anything to be learned from network programming tactics, we can look forward to both premieres on the same night—at the same time. □



Blix (Alice Playten) and the pig-faced Pox (Peter O'Farrell) look on in horror as Blunder, believing himself to be indestructible, threatens the Lord of Darkness and is picked up by a dead body and pulled underground. Rob Bottin designed the film's makeups.

LEGEND

continued from page 9

Hjortsberg has peppered the scenario with recognizable threads from the Brothers Grimm, et. al., as disparate as *Snow White*, *Beauty and the Beast*, and *Sleeping Beauty*.

Among a bland bunch of actors who try to be either too winsome or overtly despicable, Tim Curry stands out—literally—in a "tour de force" performance as the Lord of Darkness. Virtually unrecognizable under Rob Bottin's miraculous makeup job, Curry becomes the living equivalent of the demon atop Bald Mountain in *FANTASIA*. Complete with hooves and gigantic horns, Curry trades on his Frank-n-Furter/ROCKY HORROR image

with aplomb and cuts an evil and sexually threatening figure indeed. As for Bottin's assorted elves, goblins and fairies, they fight a losing battle with Scott's lush visual feast and Assheton Gorton's sumptuous production design. Although Robert Picardo's wickedly funny flesh-eating zombie, Meg Mucklebones, does register as a delicious homage to E.C. Comics.

Former commercials director Ridley Scott is such a consummate artist, it would be churlish to liken *LEGEND* to one long deodorant ad. The care, craftsmanship and love evident in every frame doesn't deserve such a cheap and obvious comparison.

Long after the hackneyed story

and silly character motivation is forgotten, Scott's truly breathtaking imagery lingers in the mind: the storm of rose petals, the defused backlit flurries of dandelion seeds that permeate every woodland scene, and the spell-binding dance of death orchestrated to win Lili over to Satan's side.

Redefining popular fantasy genres may be Ridley Scott's only true forte. *LEGEND*, while not as successful as *ALIEN* or *BLADE-RUNNER* in form or content, has the feel, texture, and sensibility of fairy tales far beyond other recent offerings like *LADYHAWKE* and *DRAGONSLAYER*. Despite the film's many flaws, for that we should all be grateful. □

Tom Cruise as Jack O' The Green, a legendary "Green Man" who lives the free life of a hermit in the forest and understands the language of all wild creatures, and his betrothed Princess Lili (Mia Sara), who falls under the spell of the Lord of Darkness.



LEGEND

A Universal release. 11/85. 95 mins. In Technicolor and Dolby Stereo. Director, Ridley Scott. Producer, Arnon Milchan. Co-producer, Tim Hampton. Written by, William Hjortsberg. Director of photography, Alex Thomson. Production designer, Assheton Gorton. Special makeup supervisor, Rob Bottin. Special makeup crew: Production manager, Richard White; Sculptural designer, Henry Alvarez; Lead special makeup artist, Vince Prentice; Staff shop supervisor, Ralph Cobos; Lab technician supervisor, John Goodwin; Cosmetic paint supervisor, Margaret Beserra; Cosmetic hair supervisor, Becky Ochoa; Production co-ordinators, Mike Sorrentino, Iya Labunka, Chuck Montoya. Special effects supervisor, Nick Allder. Editor, Terry Rawlings. Production supervisor, Hugh Harlow. Music, Jerry Goldsmith. Costume designer, Charles Knode. Production supervisor, Hugh Harlow. Choreographer, Arlene Phillips. Lyrics, John Bettis. Casting, Mike Fenton.

Jack	Tom Cruise
Lili	Mia Sara
Darkness	Tim Curry
Gump	David Bennent
Blix	Alice Playten
Screwball	Billy Barty
Brown Tom	Cork Hubbert
Pox	Peter O'Farrell
Blunder	Kiran Shah
Oona	Annabelle Lanyon
Meg Mucklebones	Robert Picardo
Nell	Tina Martin
Demon Cook	Ian Longmuir

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A FOX FILMS LTD. PRODUCTION THE RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD Starring CLU GULAGER - JAMES KAREN - DON CALFA
Director of Photography JULES BRENNER - Co-Producers GRAHAM HENDERSON Executive Producers JOHN DALY and DEREK GIBSON
Story by RUDY RICCI & JOHN RUSSO & RUSSELL STREINER Screenplay by DAN O'BANNON - Produced by TOM FOX Directed by DAN O'BANNON
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DAN O'BANNON

continued from page 20

because he was so refreshing to have around the set. When the rest of us were foul and pissed-off in general, Karen was always upbeat and made us feel better which in retrospect must have been hard for him. When everyone else seemed to be turning on me, he was always there being supportive."

As for using E. C. Comics as a visual model for RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, O'Bannon couldn't really see any other way. "What else could you use? I can say it till I'm blue in the face, that I didn't want to imitate Romero, but because of the very nature of the film I had to, to some degree. If 50% of the film is Romero-inspired let's say, I had to branch out wherever possible for the remaining 50%. And the most obvious source of inspiration was E. C. Comics, especially when I adopted the humorous approach.

"I chose artist Bill Stout as production designer because I like his work in the E. C.-type corpse area. The cemetery set, which was an entire construction after we looked all over L. A. County and finally had to set dress an olive grove, was modelled in my mind after an old Graham Ingels drawing. Remember Ghastly Graham! I think Stout had the Jack Davis ones in mind. So those two specific influences cemented our approach."

The music in RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD is a mixture of pseudo HI-NRG and recording artists like The Cramps. Neither were O'Bannon's choice nor was the juxtapositioning of certain songs to infer that the zombies were singing. Ghouls just wanna have fun it seems! "What you are listening to in the film is a free score," said O'Bannon. "I wanted New Wave composers to supply the music but the Hemdale top brass, John Daly and Derek Gibson, had some kind of deal with a musician in England who would score the film for nothing.

"The Cramps came courtesy of another similar deal with an L. A. record label. The selections were not mine. It was also the producers' idea to have the skull-like corpse's jaws [the first corpse] opening at the beginning of a song whereas I wanted that scene without music. To my way of thinking all the music should have been used in the first half where it was most appropriate, then the drama would have taken over. But the producers wanted more Rock 'n' Roll, so they just stuck it in."

Dan O'Bannon has recently just finished scripting Tobe Hooper's up-coming remake of the '50s classic INVADERS FROM MARS. "All I've done is write it as an A-movie as opposed to a C-movie," said O'Bannon. "It isn't any different from the original as I had no intention of jettisoning the important elements of

one of my favorite childhood memories. I've taken it and simply improved what was weak. The story does somewhat fall apart and the middle section was not terrific scriptwise."

But that's it as far as script work is concerned for O'Bannon who intends to pursue his directing career. He is working on a project at the moment that deals with the Haight Ashbury period of the late sixties. "Put in the simplest terms," he concludes, "RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD is the last \$50 million anybody is going to make off me. Cast not thy pearls before swine it says in the Bible. Well, I had to as they were the only ones willing to give me the chance to direct. But that will all change now.

"Don't get me wrong. I'm proud of what I did in the film but if I had longer than 6 weeks to shoot it and more than the \$3 million budget it would be a far superior film. As it stands though, it still works. One thing I kept in my mind throughout—what I can only describe as an ordeal—was to make the best film I could. That was the only goal and nothing else in that maelstrom was of any real importance. As hard as it was for my emotions and feelings to come to terms with that at the darker moments, I didn't lose sight of what I knew I could achieve given all the limitations." □

REAL GENIUS

continued from page 12

be placed under a 40-foot hallway set; it took five days to create the necessary amount of ice. A similar event once occurred at Cal Tech, without the benefit of Hollywood technology.) At another point in the film, Chris rises to the occasion of confronting an obnoxious prof by floating up to his second floor office in a chaise lounge supported by a mass of helium-filled balloons.

For all its fun and games REAL GENIUS is solidly grounded in advanced technology but doesn't doomsay about the perils of "new technology." Coolidge met with leading scientists and called in visual consultant Ron Cobb to create the design for the laser weapon seen in the picture. "We were careful to design a laser weapon that is theoretically possible, but that, in fact, can't work as it's described in the film," said Coolidge. "We didn't want to inspire anything like our movie weapon."

REAL GENIUS never loses sight of the fact that it's a comedy. The unorthodox young heroes get revenge on the professor who misled them into building the super laser and they "sting" the ruthless, chillingly businesslike government agents who ordered the weapon. To tell any more would be to give away the film's uproarious climax, which alone cost \$1.2 million and used 140 tons of a very popular snack food to see that justice triumphs. □

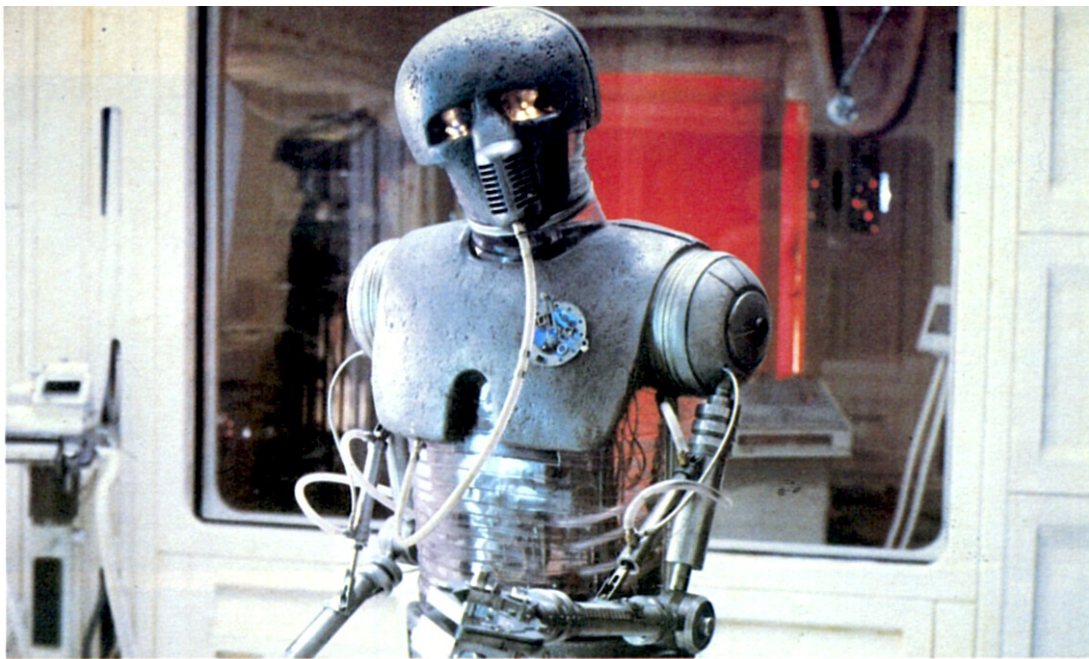
SAGA TIME

continued from page 32

film started this all... Beautiful location work and many fine sets... space opera it may be, filling space with sound, fire, and banking craft, yet the STAR WARS films include a lot of good science-fiction-alizing, from Luke's home on Tatooine to the medical tank on Hoth, from Boba Fett's "batbelt" to R2D2's multiplicity of function, from the use of holographic communication to projected monster gamepieces... The everchanging wipes add an old serial flavor without becoming obtrusive... Lots of good humor, but touching moments too, such as when Luke stares longingly at the dual-orbed sunset, or his discovery of his tortured/murdered family... All the wonders in this film, unlike in the next two, are tied closely to the plot and/or character definition...

Camera work flows with the action: Leia huddles in the torture room, Darth Vader over her—the door shuts down—down to a soldier's boots then into screen following him down corridor—cut to Luke's speed car entering its scene with similar movement... Rich detail. Lucas, in all three films, wisely allows interesting bits of machinery, of alien activity, to pass by in quick scenes or as background pieces... Some logical and clever plotting, and witty dialogue... Everything comes together to make this a truly great film.

STAR WARS never delves into its characters as much as the old STAR TREK television series, but because of the writing and acting, Han's friendship with Luke comes off better in THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK than Kirk's with Spock in STAR TREK III: Solo, you can't go look for Skywalker, "your Tauntaun will freeze before you reach the first marker." "Then I'll see you in



The medical droid who treats the frost-bitten Luke in THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK, an example of the series' rich detail.

hell..."

Well-handled too is his love for Leia, the bickering and the tenderness... Yoda, though a very convincing character, superior to anything in JEDI or THE DARK CRYSTAL, does sound in his early lines a bit too much like Fozzie Bear... Obi-wan's appearance remains cheap, hokey, and unnecessary, and takes a lot of the impact out of future life-and-death struggles; not to mention the ridiculously casual way in which he sits and chats with Luke in JEDI. Obi-wan should take a piece of advice from MONTY PYTHON'S THE MEANING OF LIFE: "You're dead now, so shut up!..."

The cloud city of Bespin, still fake looking, still beautiful—too many convincing mattes in these films to complain... C3P0 still does little but complain in this second installment... Lots of rich color in this predominantly dark film... Great

final duel...

EMPIRE came to mind earlier in line, watching the players of a makeshift football game: a number of whites, one black, one woman. Surely the whole of the STAR WARS universe has room for more than just token representation and a flash of color in the ranks. Are there any rebel pilots who aren't male caucasians? On the brighter side, at least as a token, Princess Leia stands tall.

Leia is by far the finest creature in Jabba's palace. Leia, throughout the films, looks attractive, sexy, but more so now that she wears a costume of briefer dimensions. Nice to see a female character who can be sexy and capable/tough—and not one of those unathletic Amazon models on exhibit in cheap fantasy films. Too bad Lucas chose not to pepper his whole series with sensuality, on both sides of the genus... What a moment, when Luke flips, his lightsaber pops out of R2D2, and the fight is on!... John Williams wisely leaves some scenes to sound effects alone, such as this film's speeder bike sequence... Unmasking Vader to find a friendly old Humpty Dumpty face was a mistake...

Only the Ewoks received an "inappropriate" audience response: both cheers and jeers. I agree, on this viewing even more, with those folks who think Lucas went too darn-cuddly far... Darth Vader's appearance garnered lots of booing, which is appropriate but unusual. Cheers greeted him at the first two films. He became a symbol, and that old black mask dominated STAR WARS conventions. Yet the costumers at this triple bill mostly did without him... Did JEDI kill the allure of Darth Vader? He had joined the league of world-class villains, reached the top of his class, so to speak. But from the start of JEDI, he kills no one and his presence is far less menacing; he tops it off with a

climactic moral u-turn.

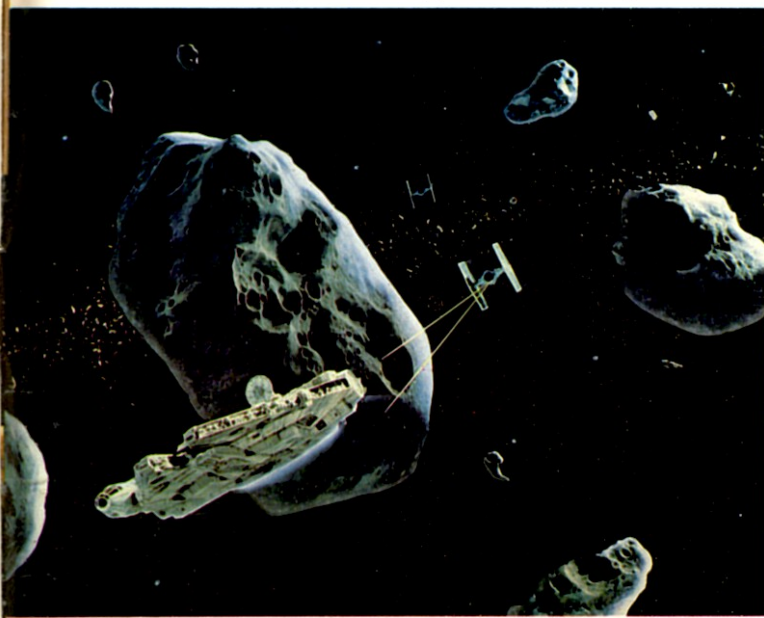
So, at the end of this epic trilogy, what is George Lucas trying to say? "There are alternatives to fighting," Obi-wan tells Han. "A Jedi uses the force for knowledge and defense, never attack," Yoda tells Luke. So, in the end, the young Jedi turns to non-violence and, by doing so, succeeds; the Ewok celebrators sing in trilogy-capping crescendo, "Celebrate the love!" Lucas presents this concept in mythic, archetypal terms, and it doesn't quite come off people-wise: character development is too simplistic, undetailed.

Anyway, Luke does not really win through peace: Vader kills the attacking Emperor. The whole trilogy glorifies the righteous warrior blasting away his foes. And owes much of its popular success to this view. STAR WARS' pacific views don't stand up. The trilogy succeeds better when it sticks to the mythic values of right and wrong, of the little guy triumphing, of good defeating evil.

As such a space opera, STAR WARS suffers no peers: simple tales told with fervor, heightened emotions, grand characters, perilous action, snappy plotting, and an incredible array of scenery, sets, and background detail—a true sense of wonder. Played together, you might think that the films' flaws, particularly the lapses of tightness, logic, character, and originality in EMPIRE and JEDI when compared to the first feature, would stand out in a triple bill. They don't. Neither do they disappear, but the films sweep you along in their atmosphere, their excitement, their fun... They're lots of fun.

And I suspect that is why all of these people missed work, faced the chilling wind, stood in line for hours upon hours—and gave a standing ovation. Through all the faults, the STAR WARS series works, and is certainly worth a couple more trilogies. □

The Millennium Falcon dodges Imperial fighters in an asteroid field in THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK, an example of the series' groundbreaking use of special effects.





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Moon, This Island Earth, The Invisible Ray, Forbidden Planet, Godzilla, King of the Monsters

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Werewolf in a Girls Dormitory, Corridors of Blood, Attack of the Killer Shrews, Eegah!, Creature From the Haunted Sea, Creature Walks Among Us, Horror of Party Beach, The Old Dark House (Bill Castle), The Mysterious Island (original '29), The Bride of Frankenstein, The Skull, Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman, From Hell it Came, Gorilla at Large, Bride of the Monster, The Haunting, The Mummy ('31), Frankenstein 1970, The Slime People, Dr. Blood's Coffin, Mighty Joe Young, Invasion of the Body Snatchers, The Manster, The Exorcist, The Crawling Hand, The Haunted Strangler, Curse of the Demon, The Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas, The Little Shop of Horrors, The Fearless Vampire Killers, The Phantom of the Opera ('42), The Devil Dolls (Tod Browning), The Climax (Karloff)

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Remo Williams (Fred Ward) encounters H. A. R. P. (High Altitude Reconnaissance Probe), an awesome strategic defense system that is in danger of being sabotaged.

REMO MAN

continued from page 14

Fullerton accomplished the job each day, taking four hours, using foam latex appliances and a set of false, moveable eyelids. "The moveable eyelids add a great deal of credibility to the makeup," said Fullerton. "I don't think that has ever been done for an Asian makeup before. I tried to avoid the stereotypes, the Peter Sellers look."

The lengthy makeup sessions were a hindrance to the production, but Joel Grey was the one who had to endure the regimen. "I'm not aware of the makeup at all when Guy Hamilton says 'Action,'" said Grey. "Thank God. When we first started to work out the makeup I thought that in doing it every day it would eventually go faster. Not so. Not on your life. Each time it's like reinventing. It's not at all like I thought it would be. It's tougher."

The complexity of the makeup prompted Larry Spiegel to request that Carl Fullerton improve the makeup process for any sequels. "Fullerton is not overly optimistic that he can do that," said Spiegel. "He thinks the process he has developed will be the process for ensuing pictures. I think Joel Grey would croak if he heard that right now. We really have to make it easier for him and for the whole production."

Guy Hamilton enjoys the Chuin character and there is an easy, relaxed rapport between director and star. Chuin's statements in the film on the subject of assassins are so far out that they're funny because he utterly believes them. "Chuin will say that assassins bring peace and good humor to the community," said Hamilton. "The audience won't believe what they're hearing. He'll tell you that Sinanju assassinations have gone on for centuries. Napoleon. You think he died in bed. Oh no. Sinanju, and that brought peace to Europe for a hundred years."

The last character to round out the trio that is the heart and soul of C. U. R. E. is Dr. Harold W. Smith, the head of the special branch. Smith

is an honest man, incorruptible, who was hand-picked by a dead President in a desperate move to fight the forces aligned against our country.

Associate producer Judy Goldstein suggested Wilford Brimley for the part—the stout actor currently making a splash in COCOON. Brimley fleshed-out the dry, humorlessly drawn one-note characterization used in the novels.

Interiors for the film were shot at Mexico's Churubusco Studios. The production was based there to cut costs, but it didn't turn out that way, according to Spiegel. "Doing REMO in Mexico was not a money saving idea at all," he lamented. "I believe that if we added it all up we could have made the picture a little less expensively and certainly easier in the U. S." Technologically advanced equipment was not available in Mexico and had to be brought into the country. No easy task when confronted by bureaucratic and security-sensitive customs officials.

Both Goldstein and Spiegel are enthusiastic about a follow-up adventure for Remo Williams since both feel they have only scratched the surface possibilities with the first film. Fred Ward and Joel Grey have been signed for future stints as Remo and Chuin and Guy Hamilton would be brought back behind the cameras.

"Since we've already dealt with Remo's background, in REMO II we can broaden the action," said Spiegel. "I'd like to introduce him to some more women in that picture." But Goldstein is quick to point out that they couldn't match the books' treatment of women. "Remo goes to bed with women in the book and sometimes kills them with his special skills," she said. "We can't put that on the screen. When you get into the books you can accept some of the black humor, but if you hit someone who isn't familiar with it, they'll think you're sick. We've discussed the next picture and we can start where we leave off—walking on water—and go deeper into the humor." □

WILLIAM STOUT

continued from page 25

raised in Los Angeles, at the age of seventeen he won a full scholarship to Chouinard Art Institute (California Institute of the Arts) where he obtained his Bachelor's Degree.

His professional work began in 1968 with the cover of the first issue of a pulp magazine called "Coven 13." Stout first became associated with films by doing posters for WIZARDS, ROCK AND ROLL HIGH SCHOOL, and LIFE OF BRIAN, among others. He worked on BUCK ROGERS in 1978 as a production artist, and was chosen by John Milius to do storyboards for Dino De Laurentiis' CONAN, THE BARBARIAN.

Stout is multi-talented and writes as well as draws. One of his early forays into film was a script called KAIN OF THE DARK PLANET, which was eventually produced and released as WARRIOR AND THE SORCERESS by Roger Corman.

"That was written when I was young and dumb," laughed Stout. "Wrote it, forgot about it. Till several years later when I was talking to a friend of mine who was working for Corman. He said the picture was in production! I asked him, 'You got a script handy?' He said, 'Well, I just happen to.' I said, 'Could you read to me who wrote this picture?' He said, 'Sure: screenplay by John Broderick.' And I said, 'And...?' 'No, it just says screenplay by John—' 'Uh-huh.' I called my lawyer; we fixed it."

The film was shot in Argentina on a budget of around \$300,000, reusing sets from another picture that Corman had shot there. Its director, John Broderick, was the producer on Jim Danforth's TIMEGATE when that project collapsed. "My intention was for something like a Harryhausen film, but with a good story," said Stout. "There were all kinds of neat creatures that called for stop-motion, but with their

Stout's unused "turtle man" concept for the Dagoth monster as a man-in-a-suit, designed for CONAN THE DESTROYER.



Stout's designs for CONAN THE DESTROYER: the Road of Kings (top) and Dagoth's lair as brooding ice palace, not used.

budget they couldn't pay for that."

Recently, Stout designed the title creature for MONSTER IN THE CLOSET, a low-budget film nearing completion. "I'd always wanted to design a man-in-the-suit monster," said Stout. "I'm a big fan of THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON and things like that. I came up with a real special design, with a big surprise."

According to Stout the success or failure of a man-in-the-suit monster depends on who's doing the suit. "I hated Dagoth, the monster Carlo Rambaldi made for CONAN THE DESTROYER," he said. "That was pathetic. Then you take a guy like Rick Baker. He does fabulous stuff. I can watch his man-in-the-suit stuff all day long."

Stout provided some designs for the "man-fish" seen in this summer's RED SONJA. "Carlo Rambaldi was having trouble coming up with a decent design," said Stout. "Rafaella DeLaurentiis called me in. I came up with at least a half-dozen designs, but I don't know which one they picked. I didn't have any direct involvement with the production." When Stout designs something that someone else will have to build, he's always concerned with the practical, technical requirements of making it work.

Until his stint on RETURN OF

THE LIVING DEAD, the film Stout had the most input on was CONAN THE DESTROYER, spending five months in Mexico during production. Stout did set designs and odds and ends like prop torch-holders.

"I designed the shot where they're riding across the horizon and there's a big skeleton of a mastadon in the foreground," he said. "In the script it read, 'Conan and his band ride through the desert.' I thought, 'Well, we've gotta beef that up a little!' So I had them riding through the desert behind a rotting mastadon with vultures. I also designed the shot—I don't think it was ever referred to in the film, but it was called the 'Road of Kings'—where Conan and his crew are riding toward the camera, and there are gigantic statues. Some have fallen; some are crumbled. That was another 'Conan and his party ride along the Road of Kings...' which could have just been a road."

Stout designed nearly all the monsters for the picture except Dagoth, the one at the end that Carlo Rambaldi did. At one point in the picture the wizard turns into a flying cartoon-animated creature—a kind of smokey pterodactyl. "I just can't get prehistoric animals out of my blood," laughed Stout, who was a big dinosaur fan as a child.

Stout is currently working for director Tobe Hooper on the designs for INVADERS FROM MARS. Stout is designing all the Martian stuff, including the ships, the Martians themselves, and the weapons. Makeup craftsman Stan Winston is making the Martians. And how is Winston planning to bring the Martians to life? "Men in suits!" laughed Stout, kidding. "No. It's going to be a whole combination of different technologies, including men in suits."

John Dykstra's Apogee company is doing the special effects, and Stout has been turned loose on the designs. "They just let me go," he said. "You can see by the variety of designs—each one is pretty different from the others. I worked on a couple themes—with a lot of input from Tobe Hooper—but it's gone a whole bunch of different directions. At one point, the Martian ship was going to be a creature; we've got away from that style for the ship."

Stout looks very pleased with his work, sitting in his office at Cannon Films, surrounded by his designs for INVADERS FROM MARS. He just sits in the office and draws all day. "Yeah, it's incredible," he chuckled. "They pay me to do drawings and have fun! It's great! I'm not the production designer on this one, so it's a no-pressure job." □



CAVE BEAR

continued from page 30

morning, Burke and Westmore devised a step-by-step application technique that any of their assistants could follow. A couple of QUEST FOR FIRE alumni were familiar with appliances, but the two supervisors basically had to train a team to turn modern-day actors into prehistoric figures.

The makeup team had a month and-a-half for pre-production tasks. In the six weeks before filming, Burke, who recently relocated to Hollywood, interviewed and hired the ten predominantly Canadian makeup assistants and four body painters. At Westmore's Los Angeles studio molding and model-making became an overtime activity. Two able assistants, Mike Mills and Frank Carissosa, rounded out the pre-production team. Just ordering the supplies became a full time job.

Once Burke and Westmore left

James Remar as Creb, the magician.



Mime Tony Montanaro as Zoug, tribal storyteller. Makeup co-supervisor Michael Westmore (inset) sculpts the one-piece bald pate that streamlined filming.

for Canada, Mills and Carissosa remained behind to make more foam appliances, later to join the crew for the last couple of weeks of shooting. To replenish the stock of appliances which were used once and then discarded, Westmore's wife would mail a weekly box of replacement supplies.

Besides coordinating, once shooting started both makeup leaders were responsible for certain characters. Burke made-up Creb (James Remar), the tribe's spiritual leader, who was imposing despite certain handicaps like a demolished eye (a foam piece covering that side of the face with a pin-hole he could see through). Creb also limped on a bum leg (kept in place by a metal brace) and lacked an arm (hidden under the wrap of cloak). He makes a thoroughly lopsided though interesting primitive.

Burke daily made-up Daryl Hannah, who looks distinctively less prehistoric than her co-players even if she is Cro-Magnon, with just two crooked teeth for her "so her bite wouldn't be a nice clean one." Burke also applied a leg scar Ayla receives as a child in a lion attack. The clan considers the mark a protective totem, and a powerful one at that, unique among women.

One particular makeup effect is certain to garner attention—a split-head victim whose brains are eaten by the tribal leaders during a secretive ceremony. To produce the open-ended head Westmore created a cast of the actor's face with the appliance on. Next he made a plaster mold, poured in wax and chopped off the top of the head. "The hair had to be punched in to it, and glass eyes made," said Westmore, who added little wrinkles around the eyes. Westmore has been in the business for over 23 years and has done special makeup projects ranging from RAGING BULL to the affecting face worn by Eric Stoltz in MASK.

To complete the movie's prehistoric look required the talents of Kelly Kimball, head costume designer. Kimball admitted she wasn't the first designer asked to work on the film but surmised that others probably turned down the offer

because of the bleak prospect of working on a glacier. The idea appealed to the adventurous Kimball. Before her trip to the far north she worked on Michael Jackson's THRILLER, did commercials, and was assistant designer on RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK.

CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR was the first assignment that called for Kimball to work with hides. One of the most time consuming processes was the aging needed to give hides a lived-in look. Beating, rubbing, torching were all used to make a new hide look "like it's been on a body for up to two years." The filmmakers intentionally wanted the neck area—where food would have been spilled—to look awful.

In doing research Kimball talked with archaeologist Dr. John Paul and learned that Neanderthals tanned hides, and used color (ground pigment was found on prehistoric sites) perhaps for decoration of some kind. No record exists of actual Neanderthal garments. Since bone needles have never been found at the discovered sights (many are under sea level), Kimball designed garments that are put together using simple knotting or thongs you could tie with your fingers.

"The biggest problem was that the hides and furs tended to look awfully good and terribly sexy," said Kim-

ball with a giggle. "We'd take a couple of goat hides and throw them over the top of somebody to see what they looked like." But the loose hides "hung beautifully, and looked very contemporary. We were really stuck; we didn't know what to do to make it look more primitive."

For Hannah's wardrobe Kimball and her crew went through several changes. "We started out with her as much like the group as possible, but as we got into it, more requests came through to make her a little different," revealed Kimball. "One producer followed me around asking if I couldn't put together a little outfit for her that was hot. I never did it. I take my orders from the director." Watch for the Daryl Hannah prehistoric look as the Fall trend.

Draped in furs and skins, the actors often complained about being cold. Yet in looking through notes about the way tribal people dress today, Kimball concluded "these guys were overdressed [even for a cold environment]." □

CAVE BEAR SUED FOR \$40 MILLION

AUTHOR CLAIMS THAT FILM LACKS AUTHENTICITY

Jean M. Auel, author of *Clan of the Cave Bear*, has slapped the makers of the film with a \$40 million lawsuit, reportedly claiming that the film's producers failed to give her final story approval and that her work will be damaged by a film that contains historical inaccuracies. Jean Naggar, Auel's New York agent confirmed that a suit had been filed but declined to comment. Warner Bros has postponed the film's release until early next year.

Michael Westmore's realistic split-head effect for a secret tribal ceremony.



ZOMBIE RETROSPECT

continued from page 29

realized that the horrors that had built them were getting stale and they began experimenting. Among the variations they tried was transplanting the legends of other countries to their gothic sets. Thus was created the superb **PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES**. This tale of an English squire who utilizes talents he developed in Haiti to turn local youths into zombie miners for a dangerous tin mine faced the problem that had plagued zombie films since their inception: they just were not scary. They were strange looking, even unsettling, but not menacing. It took George Romero to make one small addition to zombie lore, and make them a hit: they eat the living!

There is little to say about **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (4:1:15)** that hasn't been said. Had it not been for *Reader's Digest* reprinting an article condemning the film it might have passed into oblivion. While its influence can't be discounted it wasn't until Romero reentered the genre in 1979 with **DAWN OF THE DEAD** that the zombie craze really started. Between Romero's films came T.V. Mikel's horrible **ASTRO ZOMBIES (1968)**, Bob Clark's crude but effective, **CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS (1972)**, and the wonderfully atmospheric and nonsensical Spanish trilogy about **THE BLIND DEAD**, the demon-worshipping Knights of Templar who walk the earth as flesh-eating zombies.

AIP's blaxploitation series brought zombies into the action as voodoo helps a girl get revenge on mobsters in **SUGAR HILL**. **DEAD PEOPLE**, a 1974 film, would be forgotten today had it not been reissued as **RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD** with an advertising line taken directly from the ads of **DAWN OF THE DEAD**. Romero successfully sued it into oblivion.

George Hamilton's leaden acting talents were wasted as a living member of the cast in the dismal TV film **THE DEAD DON'T DIE (1975)**. One of the most gruesome of all zombie films was the Spanish/English/Italian production titled **BREAKFAST AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE (1974)**, seen here as **DON'T OPEN THE WINDOW**. Romero was effectively ripped-off in **THE CHILD (1977)**, recently reissued as **KILL AND GO HIDE**. Also in 1977, director Ken Weiderhorn exhibited a promise he has yet to realize with his highly effective tale of Nazi zombies, **SHOCK WAVES**.

After the financial and critical success of **DAWN OF THE DEAD**, the gates were open for a seemingly endless series of ripoffs both here and abroad. Canada offered youthful atomic-inspired zombies in **THE CHILDRED (1980)**. Spain offered its horror superstar Paul Naschy in **RETURN OF THE ZOMBIS** (that's their spelling), and Italy

offered more variations than I can name including **ZOMBIE, NIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES, GATES OF HELL**, and **CITY OF THE WALKING DEAD**. All were produced within about eighteen months of each other, though their release in the U.S. was staggered over five years, making it seem that the Italian film industry was little more than a zombie factory.

Pennsylvania, Romero's home base, put in its bid to be known as the zombie state in 1980 with **THE BLOODEATERS**, later known as **FOREST OF FEAR** and **TOXIC ZOMBIES**—but still bad under any name. Other obscure entries include Fred Olen Ray's **IT FELL FROM THE SKY (1979)** aka **THE ALIEN DEAD**, with Buster Crabbe fighting dead tourists revived by a fallen meteor in Florida; **KISS DADDY GOODBYE** with Fabian as a sheriff trying to deal with two psychokinetic youngsters who have remobilized their murdered father; and of course Joel Reed's **GAMMA 693**, aka **NIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES**, with porno superstar Jamie Gillis as a super spy trying to unravel the mystery of long dead U.S. and Nazi forces still battling in the Swiss Alps (actually they turn out not to be zombies); and let's not forget the Philippine-produced oddity **RAW FORCE** which offered zombie martial arts masters under the control of cannibalistic priests out to get a bunch of martial artists as they enjoy a Love Boat-style cruise.

Just as it seemed the craze was about to lose steam—even the Italians were busy making **ROAD WARRIOR** ripoffs—another 16mm ultra low-budget gem appeared in Sam Raimi's **THE EVIL DEAD** to revive the genre and keep it rolling till Romero's **DAY OF THE DEAD** arrives this summer.

Since then we've been treated to punk zombies in a bad comedy **SURF II**, and **TEENAGE COMET ZOMBIES**, the original title of the enjoyable sleeper **NIGHT OF THE COMET**. Still to come: Italy's **ZOMBIE III**, and **THE EROTIC NIGHTS OF THE LIVING DEAD**, Civil War zombies in **GHOST SOLDIERS**, ecological zombies in **MUTANT**, top forty zombies in **HARD ROCK ZOMBIES**, and Rita Jenrette in **ZOMBIE ISLAND MASSACRE**. The most interesting of all the pre- and post- **DAY OF THE DEAD** entries seems likely to be Dan O'Bannon's **RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD**. O'Bannon previously forayed into zombie territory with his script for **DEAD AND BURIED (1981)**.

Romero's newest entry, **DAY OF THE DEAD** (see page 48), is an almost certain hit and more copies are sure to follow, but this is likely to be the last gasp for the zombie with few talented filmmakers likely to enter a milieu so well mined by others. Still, you never know, sometimes you can't keep a good dead man down. □

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THE RE-ANIMATOR

continued from page 10

"Also," Gordon said, "I'm a big Hitchcock fan. I went back and re-read that Hitchcock book by Francois Truffaut. His approach was very helpful in putting my movie together."

Reviving the dead has traditionally been a practice of paramedics and emergency room technicians, but it's become second nature to Gordon, who made a name for himself as the savior of Chicago's prestigious Organic Theatre Company. The troupe had been in the throes of economic death when Gordon rescued it with "E. R.," a hospital comedy that breathed new life into the theatre's mortified box office. The show, which has since been used as the basis for a CBS-TV series, depicts one night in the lives of dedicated emergency room personnel who regularly snatch patients from the discomforts of rigor mortis.

A North Carolina businessman named Brian Yuzna, anxious to enter the moviemaking field, saw the play and instantly recognized Gordon's talent for putting a blush on a cadaver. He asked Gordon to direct THE RE-ANIMATOR, his first film as well.

"Even though Gordon had no previous movie experience, he'd written and directed many plays," said Yuzna. "I felt that he was a real good bet."

Gordon and Yuzna shot THE RE-ANIMATOR in 18 days between Thanksgiving and Christmas of 1984. Cast members were unknowns from the Los Angeles area, although Gordon's wife, actress Carolyn Purdy-Gordon, snared a supporting part.

Gordon originally wanted to shoot THE RE-ANIMATOR in Chicago where he could use his performers from the Organic Theatre Company. But the limited budget, coupled with the special effects demands, dictated the film be shot in Los Angeles.

"The L. A. performers all had strong theatre backgrounds," Gordon said. "Theatre separates the men from the boys. Just about every theatre actor can do film, but not every film actor can do theatre. The events in this particular film get wilder and wilder and more outrageous. It might begin to look very silly if the actors can't convince an audience that these things are really happening."

Like Romero's zombie opuses, THE RE-ANIMATOR hosts its own morbid brand of humor. Early in the film, one of Gordon's chief characters becomes decapitated, then re-animated. Then the poor man wanders through the rest of the story holding his talking head in his hands. "We get mileage out of the comedic elements," Gordon said. "Just when you think you know where the limits of the story are, it takes you more and more out of control." □

WARNING SIGN

continued from page 11

spilled batch of experimental yeast.

The film has had two previews, and according to Bloom, the reaction has been good. "It's a very esoteric film in some ways," admitted the producer. "Some people will hear about a movie where people are getting sick inside of a gene-splicing laboratory, and won't go near it, so it doesn't have a broad general appeal." That fact, combined with the change in management at Fox since the film was made, could mean an uphill struggle to get the film to its intended audience.

One stroke of luck for the film is the presence of Sam Waterston in the cast, who will be making his first appearance on screen since his Oscar-nominated performance in last year's THE KILLING FIELDS. Another ace in the hole is no doubt provided by the close ties of Bloom and Barwood to George Lucas. Bloom previously worked at Lucasfilm as an associate producer on THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK, and was a co-producer on RETURN OF THE JEDI. "We showed the film to George, although he had nothing to do with making it," said Bloom. "He thought it was very well done, and was quite impressed."

Ironically, WARNING SIGN has gone through several title changes, and the original title almost ended up

with the name BLUE VEST, first used by Lucasfilm in a vain attempt to deflect publicity from the filming of RETURN OF THE JEDI in early 1982. "Horror beyond imagination" is how we described the film, but of course it never existed," said Bloom. "While working on this film last year, it was called BIOHAZARD, but we had to change that title because another picture with that name came out last September [See 14:3:19].

"We thought of calling it BLUE HARVEST after the code-name the scientists gave to their project of growing corn in salt water. However, we decided to use WARNING SIGN instead, to tie-in with the internationally recognized biohazard symbol known worldwide."

While WARNING SIGN is very much a work of fiction, it's solidly based on the work being carried out in the field of gene splicing. Bloom points out that the Reagan administration is currently developing various techniques of germ warfare under the guise of defensive biological research. "The American public is very unaware of the potential dangers in using gene splicing as a weapon," he said. "Nobody really knows how lethal it can be. It's possible... it's quite horrifying."

One only hopes that WARNING SIGN will not prove to be as prophetic as THE CHINA SYNDROME, which preceded the near-nuclear disaster at the Three Mile Island plant in 1979. In that sense WARNING SIGN could be the ultimate 'horror' film. □

TERMINATOR

continued from page 4

acknowledgement of his works. Whether it was in print or inserted somewhere in the credit roll of THE TERMINATOR could be worked out, but to Ellison, the issue was not so much one of reparations as it was of principle. He wanted an admission, in some form, that a debt was owed. Although Hemdale seemed convinced there was enough strength in his claims that they offered a settlement, they began to engage in what could only be called "stall" tactics.

In response to what Ellison and Holmes felt was a "reasonable" figure for reparation, Hemdale offered a negligible settlement, implying they regarded the threat of a suit as little more than nuisance litigation. Ellison wanted a credit inserted into existing and future prints of the film. It was reported back to them that Cameron obdurately refused to allow any acknowledgement card to be inserted in the titles.

This particular stalemate was broken when, during yet another interview with the suddenly popular Cameron, the director was again "indiscreet" to a reporter about OUTER LIMITS. Perhaps because this information was passed along to the Hemdale parties via legal channels, a substantially larger settlement figure was offered. And Hemdale negotiators now agreed to the insertion of a credit for Ellison the same size and duration as Cameron's, to read: "The producers wish to acknowledge the works of Harlan Ellison."

By February of 1985, it seemed that the dispute was close to settlement. Hemdale offered Ellison \$57,500 as reparation against his claim, with an additional \$5,000 to be held by Holmes. The additional \$5,000 was "insurance" money to be turned over to Ellison on the condition that he not discuss the issues or the settlement procedures. In other words, a gag order.

One of the Hemdale party's non-negotiable articles was that no one involved in the suit say anything beyond an agreed upon press release. They wanted everybody quiet. Undoubtedly, Ellison's reputation as a vocal, high-profile antagonist had preceded him and the Hemdale parties were attempting to keep the lid on any media attention to the allegations. Ellison understandably balked at the terms, but agreed to be circumspect about the dispute to insure the acknowledgements.

But in March, the Hemdale parties scuttled the deal. Although they had agreed to have Ellison's acknowledgement added to video cassettes of THE TERMINATOR in the second position end credits (the credits immediately following the producer's), the first 20,000 copies were released without any such credit line. This "oversight" breached the contract that was still in the process of being drawn. Ellison was told it was "impossible" to recall



Robert Culp in Ellison's "Demon With A Glass Hand," an OUTER LIMITS episode said to have inspired THE TERMINATOR. Culp plays a robot from the future who comes back in time to save the human race only to be followed by lethal assassins (pictured).

the units, or to print an acknowledgement on the jacket.

Both Holmes and Ellison were astonished over the apparent nonchalance with which the Hemdale parties were treating the matter. In the midst of constant communication between the attorneys involved, Holmes, Stephen Kroft, Matthew Saver, and Alan Grodin, Hemdale's legal representatives apparently failed to advise the videocassette manufacturer that the film being reproduced was embroiled in a dispute. Holmes asked Hemdale to increase the settlement, for what could only be interpreted as a breach of good faith.

As negotiations neared completion, a second "error" slipped through the sieve of Hemdale's attention. The agreement had called for Ellison to receive a separate credit card to be inserted in any future videocassettes, placed after the producer's credit at the end of the film, the same size and duration as Cameron's. Hemdale attorneys provided Holmes and Ellison with a sample videocassette prior to finalizing the agreement.

The credit was not only in the wrong place, but it also appeared as part of the crawl, the same type size and duration as credits for Caterers and Best Boy, and was positioned in such a manner—squeezed between the music credits and the name of the processing lab—as to be unnoticeable. Hemdale representatives claimed it was yet another "error."

For Ellison, as well as Holmes and Shapiro, the dispute had long ceased to be a question of whether Cameron had in fact deliberately or unconsciously borrowed from Ellison's works. The whole focus of their attention had shifted to the way in which Hemdale, Orion, Cameron, their attorneys and other representatives, seemed to be unable to execute the simplest requirements of the agreement without "oversights."

By May of 1985, the principals had fine-tuned the settlement and it was signed. Concessions had been made, the ante had been upped after the repeated *faux pas*, and subject to final approval, it was time to put ink

to paper and cut some checks. It was very near the time THE TERMINATOR—having by now run its course in the theatres, having been released on videocassette—was to premiere on the pay television network ONTV, and HBO. The Fireman's Fund checks, totaling \$72,500, had been delivered, cashed, and cleared.

As a matter of course—or as a result of lessons learned in the preceding six months—the May 16th premiere was scrutinized with an eye toward both the presence and placement of the hard won, agreed-upon, elusive credit: "The producers wish to acknowledge the works of Harlan Ellison."

Somehow, it was no surprise to anyone that THE TERMINATOR premiered unencumbered by the name "Harlan Ellison." ONTV was supposed to have been provided with a corrected print, but, through some oversight, they were provided with an uncorrected print for the nationwide premiere. ONTV employees reported they were *not* instructed to obtain a print bearing the additional credit.

Next morning, early, Hemdale's attorneys were made aware that the oversight had not gone unnoticed and that Ellison and Holmes considered the airing yet another breach. A flurry of blame-shifting ensued, Fireman's Fund pointed finger at Hemdale, Hemdale pointed finger at HBO, *ad nauseum*. Though Ellison reserved his rights, he made no move to sue.

Cooper, Epstein and Hurewitz, the law firm where Holmes and fellow counsel Alan Grodin both worked, was dropped by Hemdale soon afterwards.

The resonances in THE TERMINATOR may have been unconscious or innocent or Cameron's part. Hemdale executives may have been so unaware of the history of the genre, it was truly a surprise to them that their time-travel paradox was treading on some creative toes. But it doesn't alter the fact that at no time did the Hemdale parties indicate by their actions a genuine desire to resolve the issue. They seemed to try to ignore it, cover it up, obfuscate it,

deny it—in the hope it might go away. Characteristically, it was resolution through attrition rather than confrontation.

But trying to wish Harlan Ellison away is like trying to stop THE TERMINATOR's robot-assassin by pelting it with marshmallows.

History affirms he'll keep coming.

In this case, Ellison had the last word. Although a gag order was in effect, the parties were free to deliver or disclose a press release hammered out between the Hemdale parties and Ellison. Ellison disclosed the press release with characteristic flair. In the May 31st *Daily Variety*, the May 30th *Hollywood Reporter*, and that week's weekly *Variety*, there appeared a full page ad bearing a simple preamble: "EXHIBIT A, Press release." The body of the ad read, with the name Harlan Ellison in Bold-face type: "Hemdale Film Corporation and Harlan Ellison are pleased to announce that they have resolved their dispute regarding the motion picture THE TERMINATOR and Hemdale Film Corporation acknowledges the works of Harlan Ellison."

At the very bottom of the page, there appeared Ellison's public salute on behalf of his long-time ally: "With special thanks to Destroyer Lawyer, Henry W. Holmes."

According to their agreement the principals involved may not comment or disclose any of the particulars of the dispute or of the agreement. The article you have just read is based on documents and information obtained from sources connected to some of the parties involved prior to the signing of the final agreement and gag order in May. Harlan Ellison, James Cameron and Gale Anne Hurd were provided with a draft of this article prior to publication, but declined to comment in letters (see Letters section, page 62), citing the gag agreement. Another letter which followed, from Cameron's attorney, Matthew H. Saver of the Beverly Hills firm Rosenfield, Meyer and Susman, stated that the article is inaccurate and blatantly defamatory, and demanded it not be published. □

LETTERS



CAMERON AND HURD: NO THANKS, NO COMMENT

We cannot conceal our disrespect for the statement made by CINEFANTASTIQUE editor and publisher Frederick S. Clarke in his letter soliciting our comments: "I realize that a gag agreement is in effect concerning this dispute, so I am willing to work with you in phrasing your statements so that they do not appear as direct quotes . . ." and our greater disrespect for anyone who would accept your offer [See THE TERMINATOR: No Mr. Nice Guy, page 4]. If the content of your proposed article is based on information from parties who are also legally and morally bound not to comment, but who do so under the cloak of dishonesty which you have offered, we expect that your article will bear little, if any, relationship to the truth.

The "gag agreement" to which you refer is common in settlement agreements, especially where the issues are emotion-ridden and strongly contested. Settlements are intended to end, rather than perpetuate, disputes, and we intend this one to be ended.

We do hope that you will print this letter so that your readers will understand the manner in which the information in your article was derived, and judge the article accordingly.

Gale Anne Hurd
James Cameron
Pacific Western Productions, Inc.
Beverly Hills, CA 90210

[Our letter to Cameron and Hurd read as follows:

"As a courtesy please find enclosed a copy of an article we are running in our next issue concerning your legal dispute with Harlan Ellison over THE TERMINATOR.

"I am providing the article so that

you may have a chance to look it over and correct or comment on what you may feel to be any unfair or inaccurate statements.

"I realize that a gag agreement is in effect concerning this dispute, so I am willing to work with you in phrasing your statements so that they do not appear as direct quotes from either of you. My only concern is that your position be fairly and accurately represented by the piece."

The same courtesy was also extended to Harlan Ellison, who also declined to comment. But first, author Max Rebeaux clarifies the manner in which this article was compiled.

"As Cameron and Hurd point out, the real issue here is integrity—doing the right thing. I'm glad they know it's important. It was my experience while researching this article that all the signatories of the final agreement were completely circumspect and adhered to their moral and legal commitments in all respects.

There were a number of sources of information other than the principals involved. Reporting is more than gathering quotes. Sometimes it means finding out why anyone would want to cloak the facts under a non-disclosure agreement, regard-

less of how "common" a practice it may be.]

ELLISON: THANKS BUT NO COMMENT

Despite the many conjectures and "inside revelations" of this matter that have dotted the public press since before the film was released, I have tried to maintain a gentlemanly silence on the subject, even in the face of remarks offered for attribution by those on the other side, many of which I found personally offensive.

I have signed an agreement with The Hemdale Parties which insists on mutual non-disclosure of the terms of the agreement. Thus I cannot and will not comment on Mr. Rebeaux's interpretation of the events ament THE TERMINATOR situation. While I have considerable respect for your magazine, and hope you understand I mean no insult to you or your publication, I must steadfastly refuse to affirm or deny any part of the manuscript.

Thank you for your courtesy in offering me the opportunity to comment on the Rebeaux article.

Harlan Ellison
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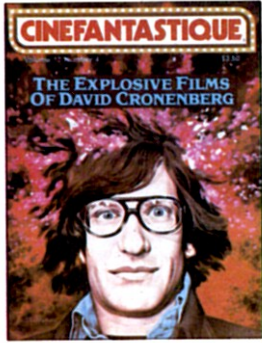
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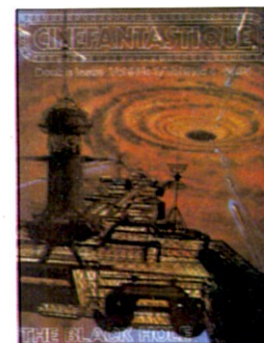
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